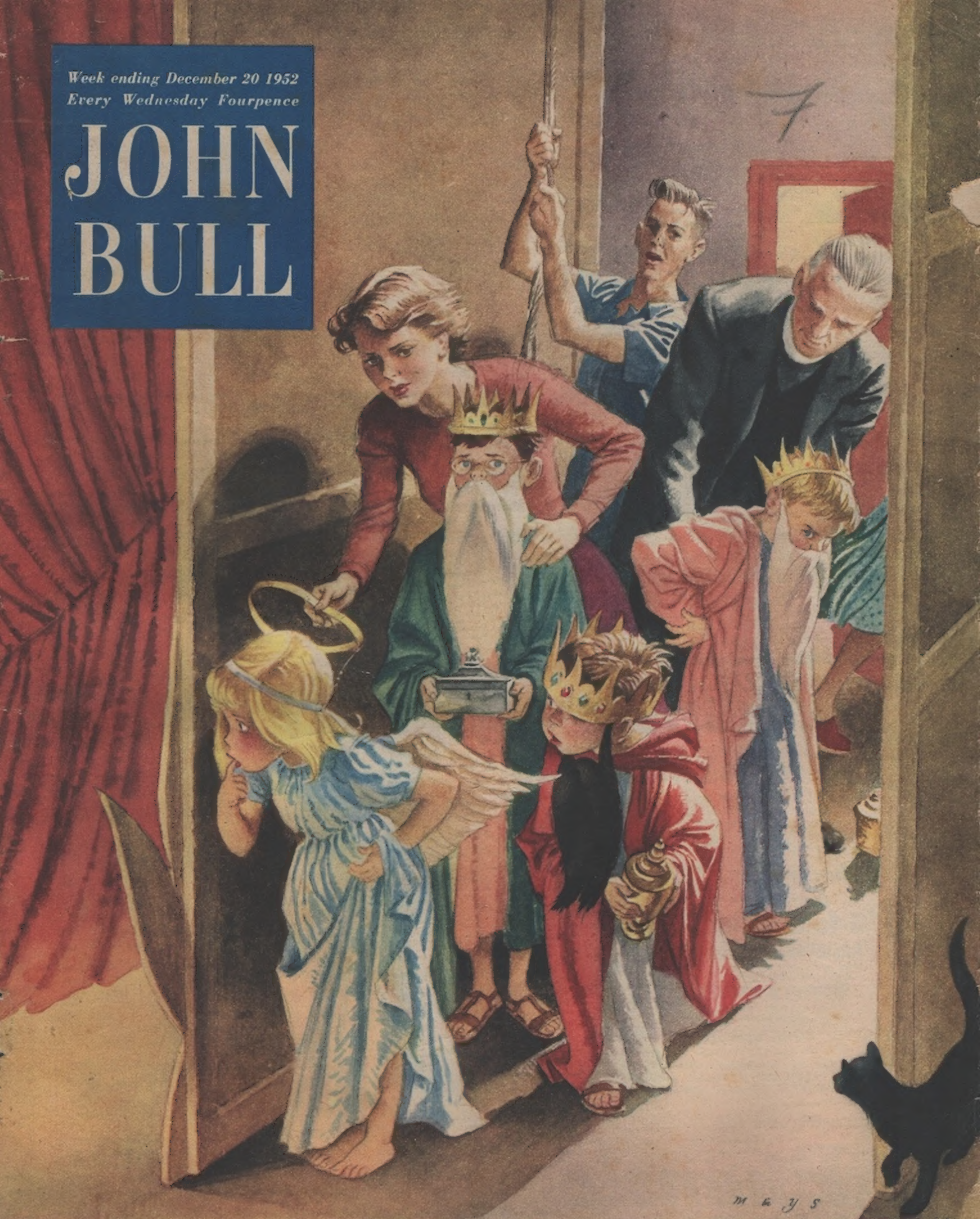


Week ending December 20 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



Starting
this week

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

A vivid personal story
of an untamed people



Scruffy hair?

Your unseen enemy
may be

DRY SCALP

OTHER PEOPLE have to look at your hair, not you. They'll be the first to notice if it's dry, lifeless, flecked with dandruff—in other words if you've got Dry Scalp!

Fortunately, it's easy to end Dry Scalp—a daily massage (20 seconds only) with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic does the trick. Work it gently in, moving the whole scalp. Before long, you'll notice a real difference—no more dandruff, scalp will feel really healthy, hair will stay neat and well groomed all day. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic costs only 2/9d. or 4/3d. (double quantity). A large bottle lasts ages. Get some today!

DRY SCALP

as others see it

Listless, dandruff-flecked hair that wanders all over the place—typical of Dry Scalp. End it with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!



You'll notice a wonderful difference when you get rid of that ugly Dry Scalp! Your scalp will feel healthier; your hair will look neat and well groomed, and stay in place all day.

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

4183-7

Phensic

relieves HEADACHES

The combined, synergistic action of the analgesic ingredients in PHENSIC—Aspirin and Phenacetin, together with Caffeine, brings you three distinct benefits.

Phensic has a
positive
3-fold action

RELIEVES PAIN

PHENSIC tablets bring quick, safe relief from headaches and all nerve pains.

SOOTHES NERVES

PHENSIC tablets soothe strained, overtired nerves, help you to sleep well and awake refreshed.

COUNTERACTS DEPRESSION

PHENSIC tablets counteract the depression which so often accompanies pain.

PHENSIC tablets are invaluable for
HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC ACHES AND PAINS

In bottles 1/8 & 4/- and, for your handbag, convenient envelope packs containing two doses for 4d.

Be sure you ask for

Phensic

It does not harm the heart—does not upset the stomach



"Sore throat?"



"That would
spoil our
harmony,"

say

ANNE

ZIEGLER

and

WEBSTER

BOOTH

THERE ARE FEW more popular performers on stage or radio than the husband-and-wife team of Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth. But popularity makes big demands—particularly on their voices.

They take the greatest care they can with their throats. They take MAC Throat Sweets, at the first sign of throat irritation. And often, because they are so pleasant, merely as a precaution.

If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol: you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.



MAC

BRAND

ANTISEPTIC

THROAT SWEETS

1/6 A PACKET



The same—until you know

In appearance and in price, Three Threes are as other cigarettes—but you cannot *know*, until you smoke them, just how much extra enjoyment their State Express quality gives you. For Christmas—Pocket Boxes of 50 in gift wrapper, 8/11½d.

STATE EXPRESS

'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

20 for 3/7

★ In the above photographs, the couple on the right are dancing correctly and comfortably—the gentleman is inclined forward and his weight is evenly balanced between the heel of the front foot and the toe of the rear. On the left, however, his weight is on the rear foot, which is flat instead of the heel being released as in the correct action.

Old folks

AN elderly man was found dying in the street in Manchester. He had been refused admission to a welfare institution because he was a sick person and needed attention.

And he had been refused admission to a hospital because his only complaint was "old age."

An M.P. told the House of Commons last month: "We have fallen into the error of assuming that people are either well or sick, and now we find in practice that there are many cases in this no-man's-land between health and sickness. They do not seem to be the clear responsibility of one authority or the other."

IT is for these "semi-sick" old people that Mrs. Margaret Hill, a pensioner and a grandmother herself, runs six homes in Hornsey, London. She was praised in Parliament and her example held up to be followed.



MRS. HILL.

"In between" suffer most . . .

She started the Hill Homes when she was a local councillor and is now famous for her pioneer work among old folk. For full board and, when necessary, day and night nursing, her guests pay from three and a half to four and a half guineas weekly. When they cannot afford it, the local authority or hospital board makes a grant.

She says: "There are about 27,000 people in homes run by the State for still

active old folk. Really sick people can sometimes get accepted in a hospital, although it is difficult for them, because once old people occupy hospital beds they are reluctant to leave them.

"The people in between suffer most—those with the aches and pains of old age but without definite illnesses."

SOME local authorities and voluntary societies have followed Mrs. Hill's lead, but many more have been prevented from building by government departments. "We have been waiting for years for a licence to build a home for the semi-sick in Oxford, to give one example," says an official of the National Corporation for the Care of Old People.

Britain's population of over sixty-fives is now 5,300,000. It is estimated that in twenty years there will be 10,000,000 people of pensionable age.

THE problem is growing daily. More and more old folk are forced to suffer because there is no room for them where they can be looked after. The licences to build homes and annexes must be granted at once. And more such building must be encouraged, not discouraged.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAY'S lively imagination takes us backstage in the village hall as the curtain is about to rise on a Nativity play. The Cover Kids, alias the Three Wise Men and the Angel, are about to start the journey to Bethlehem—assisted by the harassed vicar. Anything may happen. Beards may be sneezed off, the Angel may lose her halo, the scenery fall. But no matter. The audience will love them as the magic story of Christmas warms their hearts.



In all things...



there is only ONE BEST



for a
really
happy
Christmas

Choose

BOOTH'S



Look for the gin in the six-sided bottle
and take home a bottle to-day

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K. • Bottle 33/9 • Half Bottle 17/7 • Qtr. Bottle 9/2 • Miniature 3/7

B-302/5-4208

Sue sues for peace

"I should have got up earlier. No breakfast for Phil—so he left in a huff! But all was well when he came home and saw the supper table looking so very attractive. How I blessed Hostess . . ."

Attractive **HOSTESS** paper serviettes and doyleys make such a wonderful difference. Be talked about for your good taste—set your table with Hostess. (Quite inexpensive, too)

Ask for **Hostess**
paper serviettes and doyleys

A John Dickinson
PRODUCT

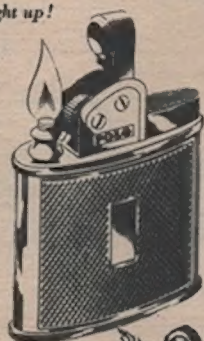
The
Low Price Lighter
with the
High Price Look

POLO

FROM
18/6
FULLY
GUARANTEED

Press down—Light up!

A pleasure to give and to own—serving you faithfully with its "press down—light up" automatic action—from 18/6. Also available, the famous POLO Lighter with the thumb-protecting wheel—from 15/3.



a POLO for
CHRISTMAS!

Obtainable from
TOBACCONISTS and JEWELLERS
everywhere

Polo 'Sunfire' flints, now 6 for 4½d.
and best for all lighters.

POLO LIGHTERS 88 Crawford Street, London, W.1
P.L.I.G.



Give
'HANDY-UTILITY'
this Christmas!

DRILL

metal, wood, brick, tile, plastics, etc.

GRIND

buff, burnish, sand... shine pots and pans.

POLISH

and wax cars... floors, furniture and all woodwork

with a
HANDY-UTILITY
¾" ELECTRIC DRILL
£6-19-6

full range of accessories available

Inspect it at your local Ironmongers,
Tool Shop, Electrical Dealers or Stores,
or write for literature.

Black & Decker
ELECTRIC
HANDY-UTILITY
TOOLS

BLACK & DECKER LTD. DEPT. J.B.1
HARMONDSWORTH, MIDDLESEX
The world's largest manufacturers of Portable
Electric Tools for all industries.

A reader chooses the year's best

LOOKING through my copies of JOHN BULL since last January, I listed the features which I consider are the outstanding ones of 1952. My nomination for the best serial is *Campbell's Kingdom*, by Hammond Innes. It showed how man can triumph over nature—and ill-health—if he has the will to succeed. Head and shoulders above the other short stories was Margery Sharp's *Thief Of Time* (August 23), a well-told and delightful picture of a child's mind.

The Naked Island, Russell Braddon's true story of imprisonment under the Japanese, showed how great man can be under terrifying conditions. Two articles tie for top place—Norman Phillips's "Liz Taylor, Terrific Teenager" (January 12), for its subtle removal of the Hollywood mask, and "Fred Trueman," by Wilfred Greatorex (August 16). I'm fascinated by this cricketer who loves big meals. My favourite cover is Pett's painting of the man and the girl in the library (March 8). Perhaps I'm biased. It was in a library that I first met the girl I eventually married.—A. M., Ashford, Kent.

Lunch Disaster

FOOD left in a hut by workmen on a building site had been nibbled by a rat. This was explained to a friend of mine, who was passing with her dog. She allowed the workmen to borrow the dog to catch the rat. Everyone waited expectantly outside



the hut, and there was a good deal of scuffling inside. Then a rat hurriedly squeezed under the door and made off. The men rushed to the hut. Out came the dog, gulping down the last of their sandwiches.—K. W., Peebles.

Poisoned Air

THERE might be less apathy towards the smoke menace (JOHN BULL, November 22) if more people could fly over the industrial areas. Recently, I was over Stoke-on-Trent. Its pall of smoke made the city barely visible. After a few days' sunshine, the air over cities is a dirty brown. Frequently this pall covers hundreds of square miles. The average person does not realize how much brighter the day would be if there was not so much dirt between him and the sun.—AIRMAN, Yorkshire.

Mother's Budget

MY husband, an engineer, earns just under £13 a week. Many families of four live on less, but if they budgeted as carefully as we do, and talked things over together, I am sure they would not have to face that "mid-week crisis." Most husbands simply hand over their pay packets to their wives, and leave it to them to run the home. I wonder if they realize where

the money goes. After paying nearly £3 for rent, rates and fuel, my shopping bill is rarely less than £3 for the weekend food alone. On a recent Saturday, vegetables cost me 8s. 8d., bread and rations 12s. 9d., ½ lb. coffee 3s. 1½d., nine eggs 3s. 4d., 3 lb. apples 1s. 9d., cereal 1s. 8d., meat 7s. 8d., week's milk 14s. 2d., preserves 3s. 2d., soup bones 10d. I have heard some men saying that they think their wives could manage better than they do. If they worked together both probably could. One hour's joint discussion on Friday night saves many a headache on Wednesday.—Mrs. R. B., Fishponds, Bristol.

New Faces

PLASTIC surgery, as practised by Charles H. Willi (JOHN BULL, November 29), is available to anyone under the National Health Service. This

Coming soon in John Bull
Take It From Me
by JIMMY EDWARDS

unit is the only complete one in the world dealing exclusively with plastic surgery. Similar units are attached to general hospitals.—G. MELVILLE-BELL, Rehabilitation Officer, Plastic and Jaw Unit, Rooksdown House, Basingstoke, Hampshire.

The Ministry of Health points out that "cosmetic" operations purely for vanity's sake cannot be carried out under the Health Service.

When Hitler Wept

ALAN BULLOCK'S reference to the suicide of Geli Raubal in Hitler's Munich flat (JOHN BULL, November 22) drew this story from my wife. The cook to the tenant of the flat below Hitler's was formerly cook to my wife's parents. She told them that, after Geli's death, the flat was locked permanently on Hitler's orders. Once a year Hitler would visit the flat and lay a wreath in the room where Geli died.—A. C. YEATES, Grosvenor Crescent, Scarborough.

The story of Hitler's relations with Geli is told in the final instalment of "Adolf Hitler" by Alan Bullock, which begins on page 15.

Easy Cribs

WHILE I was chatting about burglaries to a policeman one night, he said, "Come with me, I'll show you something." In the next five minutes we walked past twenty-six cottages. On the ledges above nine front doors were keys. The policeman told me, "These people are the first to blame the police if they return after an evening out to find their homes rifled."—G. J., Glamorgan.



Author's Land

DOES Iredale, in the stories of Dudley Hoys, really exist? Places like Ninestones, Carnforth, Dalehead

and Ire Moss in *Hannah And The Orange Tree* (JOHN BULL, November 29) remind me of my childhood home in the Pennines. There, Dod Lea, Scapegoat Hill and Bolster Moor are very descriptive of the West Riding country.—Mrs. ELSIE M. PLUMMER, Spring Cottage Inn, Shelfield, Walsall, Staffs.

Dudley Hoys's *Iredale is Eskdale in the Lake District of West Cumberland*. Hoys lives there in an inn near Sca Fell, the highest mountain in England. Hoys, fifty-four year old ex-army captain, is a bachelor. He has written many short stories about the district. "The locales really exist. But I change their names," he says.



Dudley Hoys

Hats And Heads

I HOPE that when Aage Thaarup (JOHN BULL, November 22) designs his cheap hats he will make some to fit large heads. I can never wear fashionable hats because they are always small, and I have a large head. But I can always be fitted with a frumpish one—with a brim that turns down at the front and up at the back—the kind that I see worn by countless elderly women. Do all old ladies have large heads and, if so, at what age does the head get larger?—Miss P. E. SHORHOUSE, Birmingham.

A doctor says: After the age of, say, twenty, there is no increase in the size of the skull. A larger hat would be needed if the face grew fatter. In old age the scalp and hair get thinner.

Data On Peas

MANY people, like the grocer's assistant ("Free Speech," November 29), do not know the difference between garden peas and processed peas. It is, broadly, that the former are canned fresh and the latter dried and then reconstituted (by soaking in the factory) and canned. As there is only a six to eight weeks' period when fresh peas are available for canning, a large proportion of these are canned and the remainder are sold in packets or in bulk.—F. W. SADGROVE, Marketing Director, Batchelors Peas, Ltd., Wadsley Bridge, Sheffield.

Sinking Feeling

COMING home from a holiday in France I crossed the Channel by the night boat S.S. Falaise. I was lucky enough to be given a spare berth in the women's lounge. As this is just above the engines, I was kept awake for some time by the thudding of the machinery. Several days later, I was standing by the refrigerator in my kitchen, when I experienced a sensation of moving up and down. I sat on a chair for a few minutes and the sensation passed off. But it happened again while I was waiting for the kettle to boil. Then I realized the reason. The refrigerator motor had the same regular throb as the engines in the Falaise, and by an association of ideas (or whatever the psychologists call it) the noise brought back to me the gentle swell of the Channel.—A. G. M., Wembley.

Yuletide Tang

GARDENERS who trim their laurel bushes should save the branches for Christmas fires. The penetrating tang of the wood smoke steals through the house—an unforgettable smell.—Mrs. V. POWDERHAM, Welling, Kent.

Other woods which smell pleasantly when burnt are pear, apple, white-thorn and the conifers.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

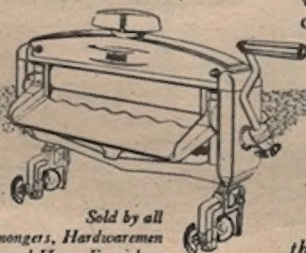
How old is a sheet?

Some sheets begin to look old when they're quite new. Others go on looking new for many years. It all depends on the care they get—and that goes for all your household linens, blankets, curtains, clothing. So if you want your things to live to a young old age, leave them to the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.



It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt

along with the surplus water...while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



Sold by all
good Ironmongers, Hardwaremen
and House Furnishers

ACME the cleanser-wringer

Used in millions of homes
throughout the world

ACME WRINGERS LIMITED, DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

"GLENMOOR" CARPETING CUTS COSTS BY 70%

Example: 10' x 9'

Grade 1: £9.16.8 Grade 2: £6.12.10

For Fitted Carpets, Runners, Squares,
Surrounds, Slip Mats, etc.

Send 1/- for samples (refundable)

This modern hair and wool felted carpeting made by a new process is available in limited supplies. Soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, it will last and wear well. Has a resilient non-slip, sprayed rubber, moth and damp resisting base. Needs no stitching or underfelt. Will not fray. Delivered free anywhere in the British Isles under our money back guarantee.

Width	18"	27"	36"	54"
Grade 1	9'11	14'11	19'11	29'6
Grade 2	7'-	9'11	13'11	19'11

Price per yard. Carriage Free

COLOURS
Red, Green, Beige, Brown,
Blue, Rust, Rose Pink, Grey,
also 3 delightful new shades
Mottle Green, Mottle Blue,
Mottle Cherry.



SEND 1/- FOR
SAMPLE

SERIAL No. 1749
BRITISH
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
INSTITUTE
GUARANTEE

Grade 1 granted
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
SEAL OF GUARANTEE

PINDI STORES LTD.

DEPT. JB11, 373 UXBIDGE ROAD, ACTON, W.3
Also at 58 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

£150 Free Cash Prize Advertisement Competition

IN next week's issue 3 separate cheques of £50 each are being offered in Cash Prizes to readers of JOHN BULL and their families in a fascinating free Competition of fitting phrases to a number of advertisements. There is no entrance fee and all prizes must be won! Make a bee-line for one of those cheques!

Look out for "FITTING PHRASES"
Competition—IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

All shapes and Surprises

—easily made
with Chivers Jellies



OLD WORLD COTTAGES

Wafer thatch, chop-
ped jelly garden and a
nut brown path, mock
cream doors and windows.



JELLY CLOWNS

Ice cream cones crown
pear-face clowns who
peep from whipped
up jelly.

JELLY GALLEONS

Launch a quarter of
apple on a sea of
greengage jelly. Set
paper sails to orange
stick masts and wait
for a hungry breeze.



CHIVERS JELLIES

are particularly good

They are flavoured with ripe fruit juices

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, and at Montrose Huntingdon and York

23475

"Nell Gwyn" Marmalade

Famous for
fine Quality



Awarded to all Crosbie's products

—and Fresh Fruit Jams
by Crosbie's



CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD COMPANY LIMITED

Biggest Value

FIVE AND NINE



Whiteways

	Bott.	Ovals
RUBY and WHITE	5/9	8/3
Good full-bodied wines	(Splitlets 1) incl.	
BRITISH SHERRY	5/9	8/3
Brown	(Splitlets 1) incl.	
BRITISH SHERRY	9/6	—
Pale Dry		
GINGER or ORANGE		
WINE. Full alcoholic strength	6/3	—

All the above wines are available in half bottles.

IS THE WORD FOR WINE!



"You ought to be in bed!"

IT'S NO USE your saying you haven't a temperature, because I can see you have. And don't tell me they can't do without you at the works, because I've heard that one too."

That's what I told him, and sure enough it was 'flu. Of course, he was very weak. I remembered from the last time to feed him on Benger's Food. Even when you are too weak to digest the lightest of light diet you retain the full goodness of BENGERS, because it's pre-digested. It is absorbed quickly into the system and starts building you up at once. There's nothing like BENGERS for getting you well again quickly.

No other food is pre-digested like BENGERS

DON'T WAIT till someone is ill. It's the first hours of weakness that matter. Be ready to give BENGERS at once. The quicker you arrest weakness the quicker the recovery. So, just as you keep aspirin, laxatives or cough mixtures "in case," you should always have BENGERS in the house. It has been the recognised family stand-by in illness for over half a century.

Always keep a tin of BENGERS in the house

To ease your chest and keep you glowing
When a cold north wind is blowing—

HOARSE?
GO—
SUCK A



ZUBE

8½d and 1¼ tins, 5½d an oz. loose

MY CHILD?



NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use. Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy
Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle

IT'S A JEVES' PRODUCT

Beginning a graphic personal story from the Farthest North—of a people who know no moral law in their fierce struggle to survive

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

by ROGER BULIARD

TULUGAK THE ESKIMO was my friend and a parishioner of my Arctic mission—the farthest north in the world. We had hunted and travelled together, and together we had faced many dangers. When his people were starving, inland, I had helped to bring them out to the coast, where the hunting was better. I thought Tulugak was a contented Eskimo, with a nice wife and a pair of fine children. But one evening a young girl, distraught, badly frightened, sought refuge at the mission. Her clothing was torn, her hair disarranged, and her eyes filled with terror.

She closed the mission door behind her and stood leaning against it, breathing heavily. "Falla," she said (the nearest they can get

to pronouncing the word "Father"), "Falla, quick, hide me. Tulugak is chasing me. He is acting as if he is mad."

"Easy now. We shall see. Just sit down there and pull yourself together."

Sure enough, in a few minutes the Eskimo Tulugak burst through the door of the mission, not at all the man I thought I had known, the steadfast trailsman and hunter, but a man absolutely out of his mind with desire, almost literally drunk with lust. He ignored me and went straight to the girl. "Ah!" he said. "So you think you can get away by coming to the Long Robes."

The Eskimos called priests "Long Robes" because of our cassocks. Tulugak seized the



Setting of the story: Coppermine, the Arctic Mission

With a summer view of Coppermine as background, an Eskimo and his children sort the day's catch. In their tribes, the men are rulers of the family





Igloos in an Eskimo camp. Windows are made with sheets of ice. When the family is sleeping, the doorway is plugged with a large block of snow

poor girl by the hair and began to drag her towards the door. I stepped between them and gripped Tulugak's arm. "Now wait a minute. You can't carry on this way around here. She is free and under our protection now. You have a wife already."

In the meantime, half-noticed, Tulugak's wife had followed him into the mission and now sat placidly at one side of the room, watching the whole procedure, her flat face showing no emotion whatever. Tulugak looked at her contemptuously, then turned back to me.

"I want this one, too. She is mine. We can have two women. It is our custom and no one can stop me."

"Oh, yes," I said, "we can. She is of our people, a convert, you know."

"Let her go," he said. "Give her to me, or you die."

I looked Tulugak over. He seemed not to have a knife, and I smiled at him. "Well, if it comes to a little fight," I suggested, "don't you think I could hold my own with you?"

Rifle Was Safely Hidden

"Do you think I would come with nothing, eh?" His eyes shifted momentarily, glancing towards the door. In a flash I understood that he had left his rifle just outside the mission, having depended on his rage to frighten me into turning over the girl to him. I called to my young colleague in French, "Go out of the back door and see if you don't find this fellow's rifle on the porch. Hide it."

In a moment the young priest was back, and a wink told me that my guess had been right. I understood that the rifle had been hidden and that Tulugak was without any weapon but his fists. These I was not afraid of, and I threw him out of the door like a sack of meal. For a few minutes we heard him groping around in the dark, cursing, and looking for his long rifle, absolutely determined to find it and finish me

off. At last he gave up and we heard his mutterings die away in the distance. His wife got up and walked sedately to the door, to follow Tulugak home, without a word to us.

We examined the rifle. There was a cartridge in the breech and six more in the magazine.

The next day Tulugak came for his rifle, very quiet now.

"Do you still want to kill me?"

He did not answer, but stood at attention.

"Say it," I commanded. "Speak."

"No, Krabloonak." (Krabloonak which means

"Eyebrow," is the name given to all white men, because many Eskimos have no eyebrows.)

"All right," I said. "Now don't forget to leave that girl alone, will you?" I was holding his rifle in my hands, the muzzle pointed directly at Tulugak's midriff. After a moment, I turned it around and offered it to him politely. The cartridge was still in the breech. Our eyes met, and I waited, wondering how good a psychologist I would turn out to be. Suddenly Tulugak turned abruptly and strode out of the mission, saying not a word.

After that we were friends again. It was just another neighbourly argument to him, Eskimo-style.

Eternal Savage Of North

Wild incidents are common among the primitive peoples of the Arctic, and as a missionary among them for almost twenty years, I have had my share of excitement.

But there is no more exciting moment than that when, in the frozen Arctic Sea, that desert of ice which reaches towards the North Pole, there is a dark speck in the distance, a dot that hovers against the boundless white immensity. One tiny dark pebble washed up on an infinite beach of pure white sand, it arrests the eye and takes on size and shape as it approaches. Your sledging companion, squat, slant-eyed, muffled in furs, the eternal savage eternally vigilant, will have spotted it long before you. His body strains forward, his whole being tenses towards this minute object in the misty distance. Thing? Animal? Ah! As quickly as he was startled into alertness, your companion relaxes, and he utters a word that somehow expresses an appeal to his kind, like the mournful call of one wolf to another.

"Inuk!" pronounced *Inook* and meaning "A man! An Eskimo!"

Just as he now appears before the traveller, unexpected, unannounced, as though dropped



Wooden goggles that protect the Eskimo's eyes from glare during his summer—six months of continuous sunshine, with no darkness at all

from the heavens, so did his ancestors step into history not very long ago, an enigmatic race of humans, compelling admiration because of their courage and skill, their ability to live where other men die. They are the inhabitants of a desert of ice, men who survive where everything seems dead or dying, who master the forlorn spaces in the shadow of the North Pole. Cheerful, carefree and healthy where others, men of our kind, though equipped with all the accoutrements of civilization, find only famine, misery, and death, surely the Eskimos, if for nothing else, are to be admired as fearless survivors of a primitive battle. They are tough, they are men.

I was twenty-five when I first sailed away from my native France to help with the work in the outposts of Canada. I knew that, as well as being arduous, my job would be dangerous. The first missionary priests had been murdered, and that was only about twenty years before.

Crime They Were Proud Of

It was in 1911 that Fathers Rouvière and Le Roux started their journey into the unexplored wastes of the Barren Land. The murderers confessed, so we know what happened.

One day, they were joined by two Eskimos, Sinisiak and Uluksak, who offered to help to pull their sleds. Father Rouvière, far ahead on snowshoes, was beating the trail ahead of the dogs. Father Le Roux was steering and pushing the sled. Climbing up a narrow gully of a high river bank, Sinisiak muttered something to his companion. Both slipped off their harnesses. Sinisiak moved to the back of the sled. Father Le Roux watched him. But by word and gesture, the Eskimo explained he was indisposed and began untying his belt. The priest looked away.

Like lightning, Sinisiak leaped upon him, stabbing him in the back. The Father, uttering a great cry, lunged forward. Uluksak tripped him, bringing him to the ground. "Finish him!" yelled Sinisiak. "I will get the other." While Father Le Roux still tried to get up, Uluksak stabbed him twice again—in the stomach and in the heart.

Meanwhile, Father Rouvière had heard his brother's cry. Turning sharply, he hurried back. Then he realized it was too late. He saw Sinisiak levelling a gun he had just taken from the sled. As he tried to get away, the first bullet missed, but the second brought him to the ground. There, sitting on the snow, the Father waited for his assassins.

"Finish him," said Sinisiak once more, and Uluksak calmly plunged his still dripping blade into the missionary's side. Father Rouvière fell at full length upon the reddening snow, without cry or complaint, his two arms stretched out. He was still breathing. His lips moved in a last silent prayer. Furious, Sinisiak ran back, lifted his hatchet and cut off the priest's legs, his hands and, lastly, his head.

Their sinister work was not yet over. Implacably they cut open their victims' bodies, tearing out the liver and heart to eat them. Then they threw the lacerated bodies into the ravine, and went back to their camp. "We have killed the white men!" said Sinisiak proudly.

Drowned In Shallow Water

When news of the murders of Fathers Rouvière and Le Roux spread through the North-West Territory, every priest in the vicariate volunteered to take their places. The first to go north was Father Frapsauce. Then, he, too, was killed. Coming one day to a dangerous spot in the ice, he prudently stopped the dogs, to go ahead alone and try the surface. The dogs, impatient, followed him, and their combined weight was too much. They all went through together. Caught among the panicky dogs, entangled in their harnesses and traces, the Father was unable to climb out of the shallow water, which became his grave.

Three missionaries sent out; three dead. A new missionary, Father Fallaise, remained there



ROGER BULIARD, a French-born missionary, spent fifteen years among the Eskimos of Canada's Far North. He learned their language and gained their friendship by living as they lived, eating the same food, sharing the same hardships. Since writing this story, he has returned to his Arctic mission

alone, preaching, studying, instructing, even baptizing—few adults, it is true, but numbers of dying children. He did not have an easy time.

In 1929 the mission at Coppermine was built, its cross facing the Arctic Ocean. Five years after, I came. My dream had been realized. I was among the Eskimos, at the farthest northern mission of the time, at least on this side of the Arctic.

As an apprentice, my first task was to learn Eskimo. After the day's study of theory, I turned to practice in the evening. The Eskimos had lost some of their surliness. They liked to visit us now in the evenings, and filled up the mission house at dusk, sitting on benches around the room or squatting on the floor. The women, free and easy, untrammelled by convention, nursed their babies and listened. The Coppermine Eskimos seemed the soul of

friendliness and co-operation. But sometimes I looked round and saw the wives of the men who had murdered Fathers Rouvière and Le Roux. There was Sinisiak's, there Uluksak's. What went on behind their placid features? I often wondered, during those first weeks.

One morning a sullen Eskimo said, when I held out my hand to him: "Aren't you afraid? Don't you know I have killed a white man already?"

The Barren Land and the frozen Arctic Sea—these are the homelands of the Copper Eskimos. It is a terrible country, and a relentless one, yet there is in the North an enchantment that reaches your blood, so that anyone who has lived long in the Arctic is never absolutely content elsewhere.

In this northern desert the Eskimo passes his migratory life, searching for game all the year

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The boy who was old enough

by *STUART CLOETE*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He knew what his father would have done if he were here.
But he was alone—and the lynx must be hunted and killed

JAPPIE WAS HIS NAME. He was twelve, and to his mother he was a baby. She looked at her husband, lying in the bed which had been brought into the kitchen. "He is only twelve," she said.

"I'm not afraid," Jappie said. "I have my dog, Moskou. I can stay by myself."

The man in the bed smiled. "He is a man," he said. "He will manage."

The woman looked away. "He's young to leave alone on the farm. I don't care, Jan, he is too young." But even as she said it, she knew that the boy would stay by himself. The doctor had said she must go to Capetown with her husband, to the hospital. Besides, she knew that Jan would not be happy if she was not near him. Like a big, black-bearded baby was this bold husband of hers. Capetown, she said to herself. And in a motor car. She had never been in a car. But it would get them there in a day, and it would take five with horses. Besides, the horses had never been in a town any more than she had. And though she could drive them quite well in the open veld and over the mountains, she would be as frightened as they in a town.

A man put his head into the half door and



said: "It is here." That was the motor car. "You have your gun," the man said to his son.

"Yes, Pa, I have the gun."

The man and the boy stared at the old rifle hanging from a nail on the wall. The nail was as old as the house, hand-forged.

Two men came in, followed by the doctor. He said: "We'll take you now, Jan, if you're ready."

"I'm ready," he said.

The two men picked Jan Swart up and carried him to the car. His wife followed them, and the boy pushed past her to kiss his father.

"Do not fear for me," his father said. "It is not reasonable to think that I shall be the first of my race to die in bed like a woman."

The boy backed out of the car, and his mother held him to her.

"Be good," she said, "and take care of yourself." She got in beside his father and wiped her eyes on a blue cotton handkerchief.

The doctor took the wheel. The car started. The boy shouted: "Goodbye, till I see you." "Tot siens," shouted his father.

The car got smaller. In a few minutes it had

stopped being a real car and became a toy. Then it stopped being even that. It disappeared behind a shoulder of the hill and was gone.

Then Herman Smit, the bigger of the two men, said, "It's gone. If you have any trouble, Jappie, come over to us."

His brother said: "Yes, come. And one of us will ride over every now and again to see how you are doing."

"I shall be all right," the boy said. "But thank you."

"Ja, you will be all right," Herman said, "but all the same we shall come, for we are neighbours."

Jappie watched them go and now he was really alone. Moskou pushed his head into his hand. The dog was yellow all over, a pale golden chestnut, lemon, as it is called, with a thick, smooth coat, and eyes like yellow, black-centred agates. The only other black things about him were his wet nose and the short, hard nails of his round, cat-like feet. He had the ears of a spaniel and the legs of a foxhound. Round his neck he had a ruffe of thicker hair from his collie mother, but for the rest of him he resembled a great golden foxhound.

Moskou was in his prime, four years old. His tail was slightly feathered and fastened strongly on to his back. When he was hunting, it lashed back and forth like a golden plume. When he got a hot scent he gave tongue, first whimpering, and then as the scent grew hotter giving his deep, bell-like bay, which in still weather would carry a mile or more over the mountains.

It seemed as if he knew his responsibility. As if he knew they were alone on the farm, the sole protectors of the homestead and the stock, because he came closer to the boy, his shoulders rubbing against Jappie's thigh.

Alone, the boy thought as he stroked the dog's head and gently pulled his ears. He was not afraid, but he was uneasy. It was a new experience and a great responsibility. He had been alone with his mother before once when his father had been gone a week seeking a lost heifer. But quite alone like this he had never been, and the silence of the hills and their mystery fell upon him, covering him like a cloak.

He thought of his mother and tears came into his eyes. He thought of how she had married his father. She had told him the tale many times. Of how he had come courting her on the strong wild horses he was breaking, and how her heart had fluttered like a bird in her breast when she saw this great bearded man on a big wild horse. Breaking and training horses and oxen for draft and saddle was his business and his pleasure. He was also a kind of vet, attending animals when they were sick and curing many of them with simple country remedies. He had a great way with dumb things, and his wife often laughed about it, saying: "I was as tame as a cow with that man from the first."

At first, though his coming had made his mother's heart flutter, she had not wished to marry him because of his wildness and his lack of education. But when she had inherited the farm and he had said: "My heart, let us go into the mountains together and farm the place," she had agreed. Because otherwise she would have had to sell it, and big as it was—it was 8,000 acres—it was worth little, being all mountain, bush and forest. A place only half tamed. But as he said, it was not right to sell the home of one's ancestors, the house where one had been born, when there was a man like him ready to help her with it.

His argument and the beating of her heart, which was never stilled when he was near, had

convinced her. And for thirteen years they had lived on Baviaansfontein—Baboon Spring—and he had tamed it a little, building dams, clearing bush and ploughing patches of arable land that they had discovered among the trees and rocks. Little lands like big handkerchiefs dropped into the mountains from the sky.

And now all this was in Jappie's hands—the stock, four horses, six cows, four calves, eight oxen, one mule, a flock of twenty almost pure merinos and the poultry. This was all they owned in the world. It was their capital and income. It had been come by hardly. Bred, worked for, suffered for, and, if lost, irreplaceable.

Now, till his parents came back, he was the master of all this. All must be watered and fed, cows must be milked, eggs picked up, sheep herded into their kraals at night, fences kept in order, and the weeds in the lands kept in check, before becoming so strong that they overwhelmed it.

His father had said he was old enough, and he was. His work he knew. All of it—feeding, milking, herding, weeding—he had done many times, but never with no one to talk to about it. That was the first thing he noticed.

He told Moskou, and Moskou wagged his yellow tail, and smiled up at him with open jaws. And so the first day went by, with all the work well done, and after cooking his mealie porridge and making coffee he went to bed in his father's bed in the kitchen. The comfortable smell of the man still lingered in it, and he lay with the dog stretched out beside him, and the rifle leaning against the wall in the corner, and matches and a home-made candle on a shelf behind his head.

The next day passed quickly. There was no time to think till evening when all the work was done, and then he was too tired. All he could do was go over the day's work in his mind. Yes, everything was done. The cows milked, the calves shut in their hock, the horses watered and fed, the chickens shut up, the sheep counted and safely kraaled. And he had cut wood for the fire in the morning.

"Everything is done," he said aloud, and Moskou wagged his tail so that it thumped on the dung-smeared floor. Jappie was proud of himself. He had accomplished the work of a man this day. I am, he thought, a boy no longer, since I can do a man's work. And then he slept, his arm thrown out and hanging beside his dog's head. The dog licked his hand and then curled up beside him on the floor.

The next day Herman Smit rode over to see if he was all right.

"Ja," he said, "I am all right."

"That is good," Herman said.

The boy put the coffee on the fire, and when he had drunk, Herman mounted and rode away.

When he had gone, Jappie almost wished he hadn't come, because a loneliness he had not felt before now descended upon him.

FIVE more days went by, days filled with the work of the farm, the ministering to the beasts and birds that depended upon him, and upon which his welfare and that of his parents depended.

Then Herman rode over again. He said, "I have had news from the Dorp. A man passed—Piet Fourie—with a message from your pa."

"My pa?" Jappie said, and his heart almost stopped as he spoke. "He is well?"

"Ja, he is well. It is all over. They cut something in him. He has it in a bottle and is bringing it to show you."

"When are they coming?" Jappie asked.

"That is the message," Herman said. "They

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From the ledge where the dog had cornered it, the lynx glared at the boy. Snarling, it crouched low to the ground, preparing to spring. Jappie tugged desperately at the bolt of the old rifle

Mills of the Big Top scours the world for thrills

by H. G. CASTLE

Daredevils and clowns, elephants and bareback riders—he needs them all for the circus that has become a Christmas tradition

WHEN HE WAS an undergraduate at Cambridge, Cyril Mills asked the flying-trapeze artists in his father's circus at Olympia, London, if he could use their trapeze. Big Top people do not normally allow anyone else to use their apparatus, but Cyril's father was their boss, and so he climbed to the take-off platform.

"I took off," he recalls, "and swung towards the other platform, which was about three feet long and six inches wide. I missed it, and was left swinging madly in the air above the safety net. My arms felt as though they were going to be jerked out of their sockets. I yelled to the trapeze man and asked him what I should do next. He told me that if I dropped into the net with my legs straight down and feet first I'd go through it like a bullet. He said I must pull up my legs above my head, and then let go.

"All this conversation took place in French while I swung helplessly. I shouted that it was impossible for anyone but a trained acrobat to draw up his legs like that. Back came the answer that I must—or go through the net and be killed. I shut my eyes and did it just like that, fifty feet slap into the safety net. I was so pleased with myself that I climbed up and did it again."

Watched A Thousand Acts

That was in 1920. Now fifty years old, tall, broad-shouldered Cyril Mills is still daring, if not on the flying trapeze. With his brother Bernard he is joint managing director of the Bertram Mills Circus. Whenever possible piloting his own plane, he flies an average of 40,000 miles a year talent-spotting. One day in 1948 he was looking at polar bears in Greenland, with the temperature below zero. Four days later he was in America, in a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade. He was once asked how many acts he saw in a year. "I couldn't remember, so the next year I kept a record. The total was 1,168."

Recently he flew 1,200 miles to California, and found that the circus he was tracking had moved on another seven hundred miles. He chased it, but the act was not worth booking. Someone told him of another circus at Long Beach, twenty-five miles away. There he discovered the Four Great Arturos, a high-wire act in which four people somersaulted, fell and dived over each other on a tight wire. "It was one of the most thrilling exhibitions I have ever seen."

Cyril's introduction to the sawdust ring came a year before the trapeze act, when he was still at school at Harrow. Someone had asked his father, Bertram Mills, what he thought of the circus they were watching at Olympia. "If I couldn't put on a better show than that," said Bertram, "I'd eat my hat." Before the end of

the performance he had guaranteed to put on a show at Olympia the following year. Although he was one of the finest judges of horses in Britain, Mills, a coachbuilder, then knew nothing about circuses.

He booked Olympia for the next year and arranged with Ringling, Barnum and Bailey, in America, to supply him with an entire show to be run under his management for the next Christmas. But five months before the circus was due to open, Ringling cabled that shipping difficulties made it impossible to send it. Deeply committed financially, Bertram Mills decided to go to the Continent, and to take young Cyril with him. They saw thirty-eight circuses, finding bears in Riga, acrobats in Milan and a clown in Paris. In five weeks they were back in England with enough material for a complete circus. It was a success, and rapidly became an annual tradition.

Circus life is not all excitement. Patience is important, too. "We once spent two years trying to sign one act," Cyril recalls. "It was Truzzi's Russian Horses, and they were in Russia." Eventually Mills's Master of the Horse went to bring Truzzi's horses back. Weeks passed. There was no news of the horses or the Master of the Horse. Then a cable arrived: SEND £600 TO OBTAIN ICEBREAKER TO GET HORSES OUT. The money was sent. The ice was broken. Truzzi's Russian Horses sailed out. "We didn't mind paying for the ice-breaker, but what we did mind was the fact that half the Soviet fleet sailed out behind us."

Postwar Profits Soared

Bertram Mills died in 1938, and Cyril and Bernard had one year in full control before war was declared. At the end of the war, they took stock. "The Big Top, which cost about £6,000 before the war, had somehow survived six years' rain; which had pelted down on it through a blitzed roof." The elephants had spent the war helping foresters to clear trees and haul timber. The lions had been in zoos, the horses in private stables. Leaving Bernard to deal with the administration, Cyril searched a war-battered Europe for acts. Seven months later the circus was on the road again. In 1947 it made a profit of £200,000 on the first full postwar year's working—five times that of 1938.

Cyril and Bernard can do each other's work. Three years ago, when Bernard was seriously ill, Cyril put all his nervous energy into doing the two jobs. "He's been pouchy-eyed ever since," says a member of a ticket agency, who recalls that there were record bookings that year.

Occasionally Cyril Mills has found talent at his own ringside. A nineteen-year-old programme

The tense moments that draw the circus crowds. Mills once spent two years booking a single act



Cyril Mills welcomes the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) to his circus. Half a million people see the Olympia show, which costs £150,000 to put on

seller, Joan Fowles; who had never ridden a horse in her life, asked Cyril if she could have a chance to become a bareback rider. Nine weeks after her first lesson she could stand on a horse as it cantered round the ring. Five weeks later she became a small part of a bareback act at Olympia. Within a year she was doing a solo act, in which she had to control nine horses.

Before the war Cyril gave four other programme girls their chance: "They presented themselves as a sort of deputation, asking if they could have a shot at becoming trapeze artists. I never refuse anyone a chance to have a go, and within a year they were performing in public." Home-made talent, however, is rare. Most of the acts are imported. "This is not because British acts are necessarily inferior to others, but because we set out to give an international show."

No matter how novel or spectacular the acts he sees, Mills must consider the difference between Continental and British audiences. Foreign acts are frequently put over in a more sensational manner. "The British public does not go to the circus hopefully in search of danger and death. A serious accident is nearly always followed by a drop in attendance."

Fatal accidents are rare. Last year, one of the Flying Cordonas was trying to do a two and a half times somersault. As he completed this most difficult of all aerial somersaults, he should have been caught by his partner by his feet. Twice, however, his partner, hanging head downwards from his own trapeze, missed. Each time the somersaulting Cordona fell gracefully into the net.

The narrowest escape from a serious accident

that Mills has seen occurred at Olympia before the war. "Two members of the Carlos high-wire troupe were riding bicycles across a wire sixty feet above the ground. They carried a steel bar resting on their shoulders, and another member was standing on a chair, balanced on the bar, while the only girl in the act stood on his shoulders. On this occasion, while the cyclists were in the middle of the wire she fainted. "Luckily one of the men was able to grab her legs as she fell and, by some miracle of balancing, they all made their way to safety carrying the unconscious girl. They did not work with a safety net, which is not compulsory except where there may be danger to the audience."

Celebrities Come To Lunch

When he is not talent-scouting or travelling with the circus, Mills lives with his second wife near Hyde Park, in a small modern house. By this marriage, he has a son, born a year ago. By his first marriage, which ended in divorce, he has a son, David, and a daughter, Rosanne. David is at Cambridge. "I expect he will follow me into the circus," says Mills.

Each year before the opening performance there is a grand luncheon, to which celebrities are pleased to be asked. Normally no one declines an invitation to a Mills lunch, although last year Mr. Churchill asked to be excused because of pressure of work. But he sent his daughter, Mrs. Soames, and called the weekly Cabinet meeting earlier than usual so that the other Ministers could go to the Olympia.

After the lunch Cyril becomes grim-faced and tensed at the opening performance. He sits at a

table by a ring entrance, stopwatch in hand, with his secretary beside him. He checks the split-second timing of every act. Years of experience have not decreased the anxiety.

This opening show is the climax of ten days' almost ceaseless rehearsals at Olympia. Every act must be pruned and timed to fit into the all-star bill. There are no arguments about the cuts, no temperamental protests. "We know that this is a condition of our engagement at Olympia," says one performer.

Life on tour is very different from that at Olympia. On pull-down night, Cyril takes his place in the complicated business of lowering the Big Top. For this work, he is the only one in a bowler hat. "When I asked him why he wore it," says a member of the tenting staff, "he told me that it kept the rain off."

Each year half a million people see the circus at Olympia, and nearly a million see it on tour. The Treasury has taken more than £1 million in taxes in six years. Costs, however, are high. A season at Olympia costs nearly £150,000. The forage bill alone is £150 a week, of which about £75 is for the hay which the six elephants eat every week. Horseflesh for the lions costs £40 a week. Pay for circus acts varies from £700 a week for comedy acrobat Charlie Rivals and his team, to £20 a week for ordinary clowns.

"I try to take care of all the details," says Cyril, "but it isn't always possible. I once booked a sea-lion act. When the trainer got them into the ring, they wouldn't do a thing. Later we discovered that some boys had fed about a hundredweight of fish to them. It was five days before we could get them to work again." THE END



Jim handed Maggie one of the silver shapes. She looked at it in shrewd wonderment. "Jim! Maybe they're Roman. Likely they're worth a lot!"

Treasure in Rowandale Field

by **DUDLEY HOYS**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWLAND HILDER, R.I.

To Jim Todd it would bring a fortune; to his partner, probably nothing. That was what began the trouble—the trouble that drove George Price to plan the murder

THAT DRY DAY in early March, Providence took a hand in the affairs of two fell-farmers. One, Eb Richardson of Rowandale, was the victim of disaster. The other, Jim Todd of Iredale, found a small fortune in the earth.

Eb had been ploughing Whin Close, the tilted four-acre field behind his farmhouse. It sloped up the fell with a gradient of thirty degrees. He tackled it straight up and down—sideways on, with one wheel higher than the other, was a dangerous method that had already had fatal results elsewhere, the tractor toppling over and crushing the driver.

There was still a risk, of course; the tractor had to be swung round at the top of the furrow, and for a second or two it was bound to be sideways on to the dropping slope. Maybe one bit of the field was slightly steeper than the rest. Anyhow, during the afternoon the tractor heeled over, on top of him, and smashed his ribs into his heart.

Just about the same time as Eb lay crushed and lifeless, Jim Todd was turning up the old Show Field in Rowandale, seven miles away. Until recently, for a good hundred years, it

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Alan Bullock concludes the life-story of ADOLF HITLER with a dramatic account of the tyrant's last hours in besieged Berlin

IN THE SUMMER OF 1925, not long after he had finished serving his prison sentence for the unsuccessful beer-cellar *putsch*, Hitler rented a villa, Haus Wachenfeld, on the Obersalzberg. It had been built by a Hamburg merchant and commanded fine views over the mountain country of the Bavarian Alps; it was also conveniently close to the Austrian frontier if the need arose to get away quickly.

It was here that Hitler made his home, rebuilding the house after he became Chancellor and indulging his passion for big rooms, thick carpets and rich tapestries. As often as he could he would leave Berlin and make for the south.

Although he lived in considerable luxury, Hitler's tastes were simple and altered little after he came to power. He liked to be driven fast in a powerful car; he liked cream cakes and sweets (specially supplied by a Berlin firm); he liked masses of flowers in his rooms and the company of pretty—but not clever—women; he liked dogs and being at home up in the Bavarian mountains.

There was little ceremony about life at the Berghof, the name by which his Berchtesgaden home was known. Hitler had no fondness for formality or for big social occasions; he rarely felt at ease, and avoided them as far as possible.

He was indifferent to the clothes he wore, ate very little, never touched meat and neither smoked nor drank. The chief reason for this abstinence was anxiety about his health. He suffered a good deal from stomach disorders as well as from insomnia, and he had a horror of catching a cold or any other form of infection. Depressed at the idea of dying early, he hoped to add years to his life by careful dieting and avoiding alcohol, coffee, tea and tobacco. When he sat up late at night he never touched stimulants, not even real tea; instead he sipped peppermint-tea or some herbal drink.

Fireside Monologues

It was at night that Hitler's vitality rose. He hated to go to bed, and after dinner he would gather his guests and his household round the big fireplace in the Great Hall at the Berghof, or in the drawing room of the Chancellery in Berlin. There he sat and talked about every subject under the sun until two or three o'clock in the morning. For long periods the conversation would lapse into a monologue, but to yawn or whisper was to incur immediate disfavour. Next morning, he would not rise until eleven.

After he became Chancellor, Hitler had to submit to a certain degree of routine. This was against his natural inclination. He hated systematic work, hated to submit to any discipline. Most north Germans regarded such slovenliness and lack of discipline as a typical Austrian trait. In Hitler's eyes it was part of his artistic nature: he should have been a great painter or architect, he complained, and not a statesman.

On art he held the most opinionated views and passionately hated all forms of modern art. He admired painstaking craftsmanship, and habitually kept a pile of paper on his desk for sketching in idle moments. Architecture appealed strongly to him, and he had grandiose plans for the rebuilding of Berlin and other big German cities. To the last days of his life Hitler never

EVA, THE BRIDE WHO FOLLOWED HITLER TO DEATH



Hitler and his mistress, Eva Braun. Hitler, who liked pretty but not clever women, was genuinely fond of Eva, an attractive, empty-headed blonde. In the end they died together as man and wife

tired of playing with architectural models and drawings of the great cities that would one day rise from the bombed shells of the old.

Hitler looked upon himself not only as a connoisseur of painting and an authority on architecture, but as highly musical. For many years he had a devoted admirer in Winnifried Wagner, the wife of Wagner's son, who sent him parcels while he was in prison, and later invited him to her home. Hitler never missed a Wagner festival at Bayreuth, and he claimed to have seen some of the operas more than a hundred times.

He was equally fond of the cinema and, at the height of the political struggle in 1932, he and Goebbels would slip into a picture-house to see *Mädchen In Uniform*, or Greta Garbo. When the Chancellery was rebuilt he had projectors and a screen installed, and frequently watched films in the evening, including many of the foreign films he had forbidden in Germany.

Hitler enjoyed and was at home in the company of women. At the beginning of his political career he owed much to their encouragement. Many women were fascinated by his hypnotic powers, and Hitler himself attached much importance to the women's vote.

No Pompadour In His Life

Much has been written, on the flimsiest evidence, about Hitler's sex life; he was impotent, he was affected by syphilis, he was incapable of normal intercourse, he suffered from Louis XIV's defect of phimosis or paraphimosis, he practised perversions, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of "furtive sexuality," and so on *ad nauseam*. Whatever may be the truth in these allegations, it can be said with some certainty that no woman ever played a part in Hitler's career comparable to that of a Madame de Maintenon, a Pompadour or even a Josephine.

This is borne out by all that is known of his relations with the only two women in whom he showed more than a passing interest—his niece, Geli Raubal, and the woman he married on the day before he took his life, Eva Braun.

Geli and Friedl Raubal, the daughters of Hitler's widowed half-sister, Angela Raubal, accompanied their mother when she came to keep house for Hitler at Berchtesgaden in 1925. Geli was then seventeen, simple and attractive, with a pleasant voice which she wanted to have trained for singing. During the next six years she became Hitler's constant companion. This period Hitler later described as the happiest in his life; he idolized this girl, who was twenty years younger than himself, and took her with him whenever he could. In short, he fell in love with her.

Adolf, The Jealous Lover

Whether Geli was ever in love with him is doubtful. She was flattered and impressed by her now famous uncle, she enjoyed going about with him, but she suffered because of his hypersensitive jealousy. Hitler refused to let her have any life of her own; he refused to let her go to Vienna to have her voice trained; he was beside himself with fury when he discovered that she had allowed Emil Maurice, his chauffeur, to make love to her, and forbade her to have anything to do with any other man. Geli resented and was made unhappy by this domestic tyranny.

So far there is little disagreement about the facts. It has also been said, however, that Hitler demanded that she should become his mistress, and that the peculiar nature of his demands repelled and disgusted her. The evidence for this so far consists of no more than dark hints and circumstantial gossip at second-hand.

Then, on the morning of September 18, 1931, Geli Raubal was found shot dead in Hitler's Munich flat. The coroner's verdict was one of suicide. Whatever the degree of his responsibility for Geli's death, Hitler collapsed under the shock. For weeks he was inconsolable, refusing to



April 20, 1945: Hitler (right) inspects his ruined Chancellery with an adjutant. Ten days after, he died—a bitter, ashen-faced, prematurely old man, who was unrepentant to the end

see anyone and talking of suicide himself. For the rest of his life Hitler never spoke of Geli without tears coming into his eyes; according to his own statement, she was the only woman he ever loved. Her room at the Berghof was kept exactly as she had left it, and remained untouched when the original house was rebuilt. Her photograph hung in his room in Munich and Berlin, and flowers were always placed before it on the anniversary of her birth and death. Was it remorse, sentimentality, another pose, or genuine passion? There are mysteries in everyone's personality, not least in that strange, contradictory and distorted character which was Adolf Hitler, and it is best to leave it as a mystery.

His relations with Eva Braun were on a different level. More than twenty years younger than Hitler, she came of a lower middle-class Bavarian family, and was employed by Hitler's photographer, Hoffman, in his shop. It was through Hoffman that she met Hitler, and some time after Geli's death became his mistress.

Kept Eva In Background

The affair was managed with the utmost discretion on both sides. Hitler gave Eva a small villa in Munich and a car as well as a regular allowance. Not until Frau Raubal left the Berghof in 1936—after a quarrel over Eva—was she installed in Hitler's own house. Thereafter she took his sister's place as *Hausfrau*, and sat at Hitler's left hand when he presided at lunch. But Hitler very rarely allowed Eva to come to Berlin or to appear in public with him; when big receptions or dinners were given she had to stay upstairs in her room.

If the original basis of the relationship was physical, it was confirmed by familiarity and became more domestic than erotic in character. In time Hitler became genuinely fond of Eva; her loyalty won his affection. In her company he was at ease and could cease to play a part. The nearest he came to being either human or

happy in normal terms was during the hours he spent sprawling back in his chair beside her at tea-time, walking with her on the terrace at the Berghof or going for a picnic with a few friends.

Warm-hearted and impulsive, Eva made no pretensions to intellectual gifts or to any understanding of politics. She was an attractive, empty-headed blonde whose interests in life were sport—she was an excellent skier and swimmer—animals, the cinema, sex and clothes. Such ideas as she had were drawn from cheap novelettes and trashy films, the sole subject of which was "love."

Had To Smoke In Secret

In return for her privileged position she had to submit to the same petty tyranny that Hitler had attempted to establish over Geli. She could dance or smoke only in secret, because the Fuehrer disapproved of both; she lived in constant anxiety lest a chance photograph or remark should rouse Hitler's anger at her being in the company of other men, yet herself suffered agonies of jealousy at Hitler's interest in the women he met. Sometimes he did not come to see her for weeks at a time. Fear that he would leave her for someone else, and her ambiguous status, left her with a feeling of insecurity. Twice she tried to commit suicide—or made a show of it—and this alarmed Hitler, if only because of the scandal which might arise from a repetition of Geli's end.

It has often been asserted that Eva Braun bore Hitler one or even two children, but no proof has been produced. Photographs of Hitler and Eva in the company of children are no evidence at all, for Hitler had a sentimental fondness for children—which went no further than giving them bars of chocolate—and was careful to be photographed with them as often as possible.

After the beginning of the war Eva's position became more secure. Hitler cut himself off from all social life and was wholly absorbed in the

war. She had no more rivals to fear, and the liaison had now lasted so long that Hitler accepted her as a matter of course. On the other hand, she saw much less of him. In the latter part of the war Hitler paid few visits to the Berghof, and she was not allowed to move to the Fuehrer's headquarters. At no time was she in a position to influence the major calculations of policy or war.

The war indeed marked a big change in Hitler's manner of life. From the winter of 1941 Hitler, who was already Head of the State and Government as well as C.-in-C. of the Armed Forces, took over the direct command of the armies on the Russian front. Most of Hitler's time was spent at his H.Q. in East Prussia—*Wolfsschanze*, the Wolf's Lair.

Hitler was now in his fifties and the strain of the war began to leave its mark. During the course of 1943, he began to suffer from a trembling of his left arm and left leg, which refused to yield to any treatment. In an effort to control this tremor, Hitler would brace his foot against some object and hold his left hand with his right. At the same time he began to drag his left foot, as though he were lame. Professor de Crinis, of the Charité Hospital in Berlin, believed that these were symptoms of Parkinson's Disease (*Paralysis agitans*); other specialists believed that they had a hysterical origin, like the stomach cramps from which he had suffered for some time. Under the stress of war, Hitler began to take increasing quantities of drugs to stimulate his flagging energies.

Moved Into Deep Shelter

Even when the Fuehrer's headquarters were housed in wooden chalets above ground, the sense of isolation in the gloom of this northern forest was felt by most visitors to be oppressive. But under the threat of air raids Hitler soon moved to one of the massive concrete bunkers embedded in the ground, and made his home in a suite of two or three small rooms with bare, undecorated concrete walls and the simplest wooden furniture. After the lofty spaciousness of the Reich Chancellery, or of the Berghof with its superb mountain views, rich carpets and bowls full of flowers—in all of which he had delighted—the contrast was striking.

Apart from a short walk with his Alsatian bitch, Blondi, to which he became very attached, Hitler took no exercise and enjoyed no form of relaxation. As the war went on, he dropped the habit of seeing films after dinner, apart from newsreels. Up to the time of Stalingrad, he sometimes spent an evening listening to gramophone records. After Stalingrad, however, he would hear no more music, and his sole occupation as he and his companions drank tea in the early hours of the morning was to recall the past, his youth in Vienna and the years of struggle. This was interspersed with reflections on history, on the destiny of man, religion and other large subjects. On no account was the war or anything connected with it permitted as a subject of discussion during the tea-hour. For similar reasons Hitler gave up inviting guests to his meals, and finally ate alone with his secretaries, who were forbidden to mention the war.

Private World Of Fantasy

Hitler's ostensible reason for shutting himself up in this way was the demands made on him by the war. But there was a deeper psychological compulsion at work. Here he lived in a private world of his own, from which the ugly and awkward facts of Germany's situation were excluded. He refused to visit any of the bombed towns, just as he refused to read reports which contradicted the picture he wanted to form. He was reluctant to speak in public or to broadcast. The concrete bunker in which he immured himself was a refuge against the intrusion of a harsh reality into the world of fantasy in which he preferred to live.

But events were stronger than Hitler's will. In November, 1944, Hitler was forced to leave

East Prussia, now threatened by the Russians, and moved finally to the Reich Chancellery in Berlin. The vast pile which Hitler had built to overawe his tributaries was now surrounded by the ruins of a bombed city. Jagged holes had appeared in the Chancellery's walls; the windows were boarded up; the rich furnishings removed—except from Hitler's own quarters. For, by some odd chance, the wing in which Hitler had his rooms was still undamaged at the beginning of 1945. During the frequent air raids, however, Hitler moved to the massive concrete shelter built in the Chancellery garden, and in the last month of all emerged only for a brief daily walk round the garden.

His health was now much worse. He had the appearance of an old man, with an ashen complexion, shuffling gait, shaking hands and leg. His hysterical fits of anger became more frequent; he complained bitterly that he was lied to and betrayed on all hands. Attempts to convince him of the hopelessness of the situation were met with violent outbursts of rage. He was indifferent to the cost to Germany of prolonging the war. "If the war is to be lost," he declared, "the nation also will perish." Whatever happened, he would never capitulate.

By the middle of April, 1945, the Nazi Empire which had once stretched from the Caucasus to the Atlantic was reduced to a narrow corridor in the heart of Germany, little more than a hundred miles wide. Hitler had reached the end of the road.

Friday, April 20, was Hitler's fifty-sixth

birthday, and for the last time all the Nazi bosses were present, together with the chiefs of the three Services, to offer their congratulations. There was precious little left on which to congratulate the ruler of Germany. Almost the only question left to decide was whether Hitler should remain to the end in Berlin or move to the south, to conduct a fight to the finish in the "National Redoubt" in the Bavarian Alps round Berchtesgaden. Hitler himself was still undecided.

Russians Were Closing In

On the following day, April 21, he ordered an all-out attack to be made on the Russians, who had now advanced to the outskirts of Berlin. He built fantastic hopes on this attack, which in fact was never launched, and it was the disappointment of these hopes which led him finally to make up his mind and refuse to leave the capital.

It was not until the afternoon of Sunday, the twenty-second, that Hitler finally realized what had happened. By the time the regular daily conference assembled at three o'clock he was on the verge of one of his worst outbursts.

The storm burst during the conference, which lasted for three hours and left everyone shaken and exhausted. In a universal gesture of denunciation Hitler cursed them all for their cowardice, treachery and incompetence. The end had come, he declared. He could no longer go on. There was nothing left but to die. He would

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Geli Raubal, Hitler's niece. Hitler, who was in love with her, jealously refused to let Geli lead her own life. When she committed suicide in his flat in 1931, he collapsed under the shock

The Singer, not the Song

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was Malo's first serious blunder—and the police pounced swiftly and ruthlessly. Father Keogh's hour of triumph had come. His victory seemed complete. . . .

SOMEONE HAD TRIED to kill Father Keogh on the steps of his church. It was the second attempt on his life since he had come to Quantana. But Michael Keogh was a fighting priest, and knew his enemy. Behind every major crime in this Mexican village was one man only: Anacleto Comachi, known as Malo, the Bad One.

Aloof, ascetic, delicately sadistic, Malo held the village under an orderly tyranny. He made his own laws, extorted his own taxes. He had crippled the power of the mayor, the police and the Church. That was why Father Keogh was now his greatest danger; for the new young priest was out to win the people back to the Church. If he succeeded, faith would drive out fear. And fear was Malo's only friend.

There was a melodramatic story that Malo had a "murder list"—in alphabetical order. He had tried to play on Father Keogh's nerves by warning him that there were only three letters to go before "K for Keogh." So far he had failed.

Father Keogh was puzzled by Malo. The gangster's impassive, intelligent good looks were not vicious. Evil seemed to be a religion with him. And yet he had great personal charm: Father Keogh felt it himself, and had seen its effects even on little Locha de Cortinez, the only child in the village who had come to confession. Locha found Malo both fascinating and terrifying. Even prim Miss Finch, Locha's English governess, thought him gentlemanly; she had been touched by his kindness to cats.

In a short time, against heart-breaking difficulties, Father Keogh had made his mark on Quantana. Even one of Malo's men, Uncle Joaquin, had shown a spark of faith. True, he was drunk and thought he was dying at the time, but the priest found it significant. So, grimly, did Malo. The village waited tensely to see what he would do.

One night a solitary little figure came to church. It was Locha, and she was crying. She had brought her pet tortoise Micky to be blessed; Malo had put the evil eye on him, she said; he had followed her here, and he meant to eat her. . . . Father Keogh took her to the church door to reassure her. He heard her scream, and in the darkness something struck him so violently that he was flung back against the church wall.

PART 4

Father Keogh Buys A Tortoise

THERE WAS a sharp splitting noise and a pain in his hand that was followed by warmth. He had hit his head and was dazed for a moment, but he called out to Locha, "Stay

there. It's all right." He levered himself up against the wall and found blood flowing over his hand. He heard the undergrowth crush under running feet and the beam of his torch reached the back of a man as he leapt over the wall.

He heard Locha cry out on the steps. He called back the first thing that came into his head. "Don't worry, Locha. It was just someone playing a joke." He wrapped his handkerchief tightly round his hand and trod round the gravestones back to the porch. Under the wall he had fallen against, there was a dark object. It was the tortoise, smashed in half. Its shell was crushed right through to its stomach, but its head was still waving about. Father Keogh put a quick heel on it.

HE WENT back to the porch. "Hallo," he said. "Don't be frightened. It's all over now." He kept his injured hand behind his back and smiled at Locha. "Locha, I'm afraid I've lost Micky. I dropped him on the ground and he must have taken a walk. It's too dark to look for him now, but I'll find him in the morning." He stroked her hair and pressed her to him. "He can look after himself, you know, and he might think it's fun to be free."

She sobbed, "I saw someone jump right out at you. Someone jumped out. I saw them do it."

"Yes, yes, try not to worry about it. It was just somebody playing a joke. I'm going to take you home now. You mustn't miss that bath." When he stooped to pick her up he said casually, "Wasn't I silly? When I fell over I hurt my hand. I ought to know better, oughtn't I?" She screamed when she saw the hand. He held her in one arm and comforted her. "It's all a lot of blood about nothing." He felt her tears against his cheek and her fingers gripping him.

"Oh, couldn't you *please* be friendly with Malo? Then you wouldn't have to fight. Father Gomez didn't have to fight."

"I'll be friends with anyone who'll let me," Father Keogh said. "But I don't think he wants to be friends." He kissed her on the cheek and carried her out. "You've been a very good girl about Micky-Malo."

"He wasn't called Malo. He was only called Micky."

"Well, you've been a very good girl about Micky."

"Why are you carrying me?"

"Don't you like to be carried?"

"Yes, thank you. Will he be all right by himself all night?"

"Oh, yes," said Father Keogh. "He'll have a high old time."

In the Casa Grande he told Miss Finch, "Don't

be too cross with her. I rather think she saved my life." And when he went home he said to Chela, "First thing tomorrow morning, before you do anything else, will you go out and buy me a tortoise? I don't mind how much you pay for it as long as you get the right size. It's about—so big—no, that's too big—like this," and he marked out the size with his hand. "And bring him back to me as soon as you've got him. I want to put ink on his head."

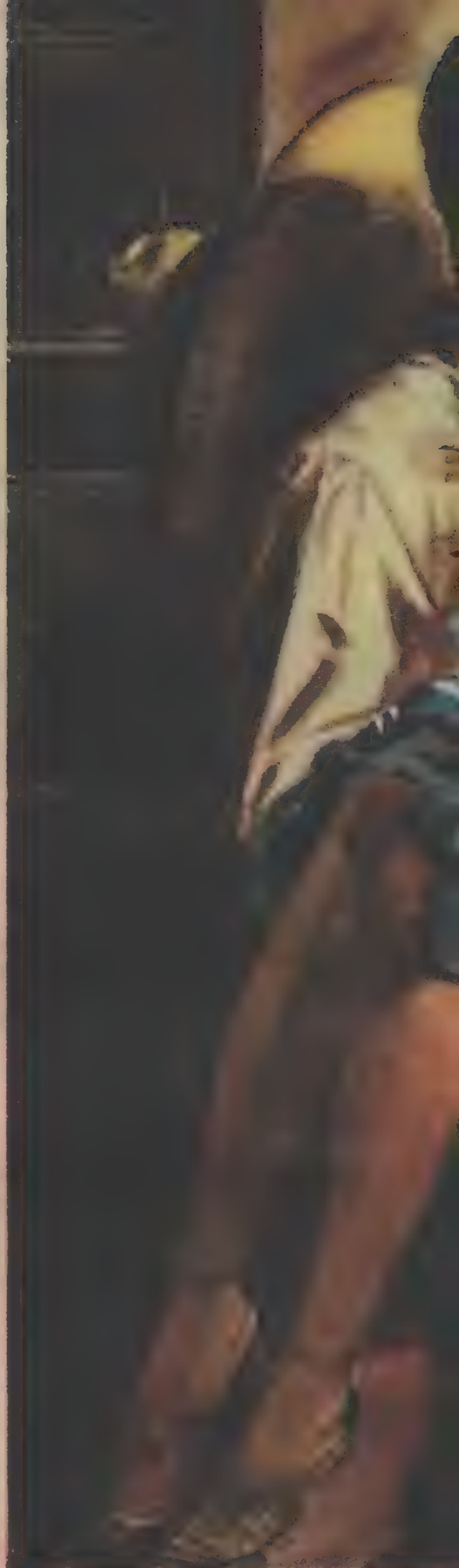
He went to see the chief of police. The jefe said: "It's my fault. I ought to have known they were up to something."

"I don't see how," said Father Keogh, "when they spent the evening right under your nose."

"That trick's a favourite one."

"Were they all there?" Father Keogh asked.

"They were," said the jefe. "All under the



Father Keogh sprang up angrily as Malo came i



into the room. The peon was carrying Chela in his arms: she was unconscious. He stood for a moment in the doorway, still holding the gun in his hand

bright lights and on their best behaviour, from El Gordo to The Jeep. That's how they usually work. If it isn't a banquet it's something else to keep every one of them under the public eye. It's a joint alibi."

"Then who do you think attacked me?"

"Any number of people are so scared of them they'll do any job to save their own skins."

"Oh, I see," said Father Keogh. "The banquet was specially arranged to keep suspicion off Malo's men."

"That's the idea," said the jefe. "And very well it works. They know that whoever did the job won't risk his life by talking about it."

The jefe poked a crushed mess on his desk. It was the remains of Micky-Malo. "It was a machete all right. It's cleaved the thing in two. You can thank your lucky stars you had this in

your hand or you wouldn't have had a hand left."

"I imagine," said Father Keogh, "that he was aiming at my neck but the child screaming put him off his stroke."

"Well, you have a tortoise to thank for your neck. It was a miraculous escape."

"Miracles still happen, you know," Father Keogh smiled at him.

WHEN he went up to the Casa Grande he carried his bandaged hand in a sling and a tortoise as near the size of Micky-Malo as possible, in the bottom of Chela's basket. There was an ink stain on its head, as if it, too, had been living in Locha's desk. Locha was waiting at the gates for him. "Did you get him?" Miss Finch said I needn't do any lessons until

he was found. She said I couldn't concentrate."

"Well, you can concentrate now," smiled Father Keogh and lifted the tortoise out.

"Isn't he any the worse for it?"

"I don't think so," Father Keogh said.

"He usually comes out when I tickle his chin."

"Well, he's had a night out," Father Keogh reminded her. "He's probably feeling tired."

Miss Finch met them at the door and Locha went off with the tortoise. Father Keogh said to Miss Finch, "How is she? Was it much of a shock last night, do you think?"

"Well, Mr. Keogh, it's hard to say: She seems to have been frightened of this man for some while. I discovered her writing his name on a piece of paper. She must have had him on her mind. She has nightmares about him, and

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS photograph is—for us—a memento of a unique occasion. Though we have frequently worked together in the theatre—one of us producing a play while the other played a leading part—this records our only joint appearance: as “The Princes in the Tower” for what was then called “a living picture.”

The result of our infant venture no doubt dates us, since the vogue for this quaint form of amusement became unfashionable shortly after the first World War, and our ages at the time were four and a half and three years respectively.

As children we lived in a world of eccentrics. We came from a long line of Irish storytellers. My father, a journalist, would bring home a constant procession of Edwardian characters. George Edwardes, the Gattis, and Harry Preston, proprietor of the Albion at Brighton, were among the many “swells” who loomed



largely in our young lives. And we have vivid memories of the animals that were also introduced into the household. Father fancied himself as a judge of horseflesh. But he was once sold a pup—or, rather, a trotter. This was a pony trained solely for high stepping and pulling a cart. When we children attempted to ride him, the pony refused to stop trotting and, in fact, became quite unmanageable. Father

obstinately refused to believe that our sorry performances in the saddle were not really our fault.

Then we had a gorilla chained to the garden wall. Where the brute came from we never knew. Efforts to befriend him were fiercely rebuffed. The only person who could handle him was the stable boy, who looked remarkably like a gorilla himself. An odd affinity grew up between them, only to be broken when the gorilla sank his teeth into our nannie's arm. Exit gorilla.

A goat followed. His job was to pull a gleaming new goat cart. But whenever father stepped into this tiny carriage, it would sink down to the ground and the goat would have the utmost difficulty in getting started. So father disposed of both goat and cart.

Looking back, we feel that our early life gave us an admirable grounding for the eccentricities of show business.

Today they are popular stage and film actors. For their names, see page 34

Josefa tells me that she quite often calls out in her sleep.

“That’s not surprising,” Father Keogh said. “Josefa tells her tales about him. May I see the child again?”

Miss Finch found Locha, and left them together. Locha sat at her desk and put the tortoise on top of it.

“Now then,” said Father Keogh, “what’s all this about you being frightened of Malo?”

He saw her lips part quickly and close again. He saw the tip of her tongue appear and he saw that the hand which held the tortoise shook a little. She said, and her voice had the ice of her father, Don Pedro, in it: “I am not afraid of Malo.”

“Then what makes you have nightmares about him?”

“I don’t.”

Father Keogh’s eyes narrowed, watching her. He asked her gently: “What’s the matter, Locha? You can trust me. I’m your friend.”

She kept her eyes on her hands as she answered him. “Why can’t you be Malo’s friend?”

He looked at her steadily for several seconds, but she would not meet his eyes. “Would you like me to be his friend?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

She dropped her head in her arms and her voice was unsteady. “You’re asking for trouble—asking for it. It isn’t Malo’s fault. Things were quite quiet until you came. He was giving no trouble and now you’ve stirred him up again.”

“Do your parents talk like this in front of you? Or do you listen at doors?” he asked her softly. He put a hand on her head. “Do you wish I’d never come here, Locha?”

“Yes, I do,” she said.

“Would you like me to go away again?”

For a moment she hesitated; then she shouted, “Yes, I would! I would!”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Father Keogh said. “It makes me very sad. But, you know, you mustn’t be afraid. The Bad-One-of-the-Cats isn’t going to bother his head with little girls. He’ll be far too busy for that. You won’t be harmed in any way. I rather think that it’s me that the gentleman is going to be after.” He gave her hair a little tweak, and left.

Father Keogh went to see his friend Sam

Frankenson at the Hotel de la Costa. “I simply don’t understand it,” he told him. “I know the child is lying.”

Sam rubbed a cloth across the bar.

“You just don’t get the kid’s psychology, bud. They start pretty young, you know. Sex. She’s gone on the guy.”

Father Keogh laughed outright. “Don’t be ridiculous, Sam. I never heard such nonsense.”

“I’m telling you, bud, out here a girl of eleven is halfway towards a woman. That kid has a yen for Pussyfoot. At that age, they get a different yen every week.”

“I’m glad,” said Father Keogh. “I only hope you’re right, and that next week she gets a yen for you. I should feel a little happier about that one.”

“Ah, I don’t have what it takes,” said Sam. “Say, bud, you have what it takes. You got plenty of it. Don’t you ever get ideas about women, bud?”

“I sublimate them, Sam,” Father Keogh smiled. “Tell me, Sam, does Pussyfoot come in here much?”

“No. Why, you looking for company, bud?”

“I was wondering if Papa Martinez would let me say mass in here.”

“Huh?”

“They won’t come to church any more, Sam, and if they come to my house it’ll look suspicious. I’d use one of the upstairs rooms. Some of us will have to come into the bar, though, to put them off the scent. I’ll always come into the bar myself.”

“Pussyfoot knows you don’t drink that much.”

“Well, if he sees me come in often enough, he’ll think I’ve taken to it.”

Sam looked at him with something like admiration. “Well, I’ll be damned!” he said.

EVERY Sunday morning Father Keogh said mass in a back bedroom on the first floor. He told his congregation: “If they find us out here, we’ll go somewhere else. It might be wiser to come in smaller groups. Also, we must change our times about. If you make out a list and let me know which times will suit you best, I’ll try to accommodate every group. Doña Florencia, has your husband asked any more questions?”

“Yes, Father, last Sunday he was very suspicious. But I said to him ‘I’m visiting Señora

Garcia, Vicente.’ It was not a lie, for I do see her here.”

“Doña Florencia,” Father Keogh asked. “Do you know in what respect your husband works for Malo?”

Doña Florencia shook her head. “No, Father, all I know is that the money comes, and I know that it’s not right to work for him, but you cannot blame Vicente, he does it for me and the children. He’s a good man, and he was a good Catholic once.”

“It’s not a question of allocating blame,” said Father Keogh. “That’s not the reason I’m asking you questions. I’m trying to find out who needs protection against Malo. Those who are forced to work for him for one reason or another are in most need of assistance against him. I give you my personal assurance and promise that it’s not a question of collecting names for punishment. I’m collecting names for help. When we know whom to help, we shall know whom to pray for.”

Every week he collected more names. Sometimes it was only a suspicion attached to them, sometimes a definite accusation.

Some of the names surprised him:

“That Francisco at the Casa Grande, Father, that one will carry a message for Malo. He is a poor creature and afraid to say no, but he’s good at the back of his heart.”

“Another one is the driver, Father, Roberto-of-the-bus.”

Every week he received more prayers. On their knees in their homes they prayed for him. In quiet corners and out in the open air they prayed.

Mass was being held in the upper room of the Hotel de la Costa, one day, when Father Keogh heard a gasp. He looked up. It was Malo’s lieutenant, Old Uncle Joaquin.

Father Keogh said after a moment: “You’re more than welcome to join us, but if you’ve no wish to do that, will you please close the door and go out. As you see, I am celebrating the mass.”

Old Uncle remained in the doorway. His eyes rested upon every member of the kneeling community in turn. Then they returned to the priest. Father Keogh was shocked when he met the eyes. He saw a loose and relentless hatred in them that he had never seen in Malo’s. It was as if Old Uncle, the lesser disciple of hate, was more lavish with it than Malo; as if Malo, who knew the value of it, used it with a better care. Old Uncle closed the door and went out.

IN Porfirio’s bar, Malo’s men sat in a circle. Malo sat with his hands motionless before him. He looked round the table and said: “Well, now, you’ve heard what Old Uncle has told us—you have heard what he has to suggest.”

There was a silence until the Jeep piped up: “If you let them go back to the church, Anacleto, it will look as if you had to give in.”

Malo said: “That’s how I think it would look, my Jeepo, but Old Uncle cannot see it that way.”

Old Uncle banged his fist on the table. “Anacleto, I know what I’m talking about. I tell you I saw their faces—they made that room smell like a church. Look, Anacleto, it’s like a love affair. You stop it—they want to go on with it. You give them your blessing—it’s not so exciting any more.”

Malo’s eyes narrowed. He looked at Old Uncle. “But can we be sure that that is the reason Old Uncle would like us to send them to church?”

Old Uncle was startled, his mouth hung open. The others were silenced by the tone of Malo’s voice. “We must never forget that when Old Uncle was ‘dying’ it was not me that he asked for—he asked for the priest!”

Old Uncle’s voice rose; he slobbered a little. “Anacleto, I was drunk that time—a man does not mean what he says when he drinks.”

“It is then that the truth comes out, old

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The ubiquitous William Ferguson turns up in the South African Test team's dressing-room. His handiwork produced the "bodyline bowling" theory

Test Cricket's Man Friday

by *DON EVERITT*

Stars come and go, but Fergie, the scorer, goes on for ever. He's at his key post in the big matches now being played in Australia

THE SOUTH AFRICAN cricket party touring Australia was on an interminable cross-country journey between matches. It was a day when the heat was shimmering the landscape and the searching dust was irritating throats and tempers. There was no dining-car on the train, and the only brief break in the journey was at a wayside halt where the engine was to take on water. One member of the party, a short, sprightly man, was especially exasperated by the situation, because he knew that an hotel was close to that halt. About half an hour before the train was due to stop he suddenly got up and slipped out of the compartment.

When the train reached the halt, three or four players were called urgently to the carriage door. There, waiting to be hauled aboard, were pies, cakes, fruit and crates of beer. As the train moved off again, the little man explained that he had ordered the food through a signalman in a box some miles back along the line. As the

train had thundered past the signal box, he had hurled out a note, wrapped round a cake of soap, asking the signalman to phone the hotel.

Ingenuity like this has played a big part in building up the reputation of William Henry Ferguson in the cricket world. Fergie, as he is always known, has been travelling between places as far apart as Auckland and Belfast performing countless similar services for cricketers since the days of W. G. Grace.

He Tours With Them All

As scorer, baggage man, laundry expert, general adviser and odd job man, he has toured with thirty-nine international teams—thirteen Australian, twelve English, five South African, four Indian, two West Indian and two New Zealand. The last match between England and India brought his tally of Tests to 173, and now he is scoring for the South African Tests in Australia.

Cricket has left its mark on Fergie. His face

is tanned and leathery from a life which has contained many more summers than winters. Days in the sun have creased the skin about his eyes. He has the versatile assurance of a cosmopolitan, and the shrewd look which is almost a national trait of the Australians. Fergie's age is his secret; time has whitened his hair, thinned his lips and sharpened his concave profile, but his compact figure still has a youthful waist and springiness. With reason, many cricketers say he is ageless.

After this winter's South African tour, Fergie is talking of retiring. But those who know him are a little sceptical. They remember his previous talk of settling down. They say that next year will see him back in Britain with the Australians. "Huttons and Comptons come and go," they say, "but Fergie goes on scoring for ever."

Fergie first got into a touring party forty-eight years ago. Then "about twenty," he lived in Sydney, and worked in an office overlooking the harbour. Watching the ships arriving and departing, he hankered after a life of travel. Most of all, he was eager to meet his relatives in Britain, for he had a Scots father and a Tyne-side mother.

One day he met a man who had been the scorer with an Australian cricket team in England. That gave him the idea: the problem was how to get in touch with the team manager. But he knew that Monty Noble, one of the players, was a dentist in Sydney. Fergie decided to see him. With two or three teeth conveniently starting to decay, he summoned his courage and made an appointment.

While Noble was examining his teeth, Fergie popped his question. Noble was amused by the unique approach. He introduced Fergie to the team manager, Frank Laver. Fergie was told he could have the job of scorer and general factotum to the team—provided he could sail immediately with the baggage, which was due to leave next day. He would be paid £2 a week in England, but he would have to pay his own

return passage and keep himself on the tour, except for lunches and teas during the matches. Fergie accepted.

The trip swallowed most of his savings. By the time he got back to Australia, he had firmly resolved not to take the job again. But as the 1909 tour of England approached, the lure of travel made him change his mind. During the first World War, he served as an army sergeant. Afterwards, he settled down completely to the life of cricket's Man Friday. In 1920, when he was invited to tour Australia with the M.C.C. side, he began his association with the rest of the Big Six cricketing nations. In 1937 he married, but he still did not settle down.

Fergie has made an impressive list of acquaintances since 1904. He has shaken hands and chatted with Britain's last five monarchs; he has met numerous other celebrities; and he has known all the famous cricketers from Grace to Neil Harvey and from George Giffen to Sonny Ramadhin.

In his time he has seen and heard a good many indiscretions. When nerves have been taut in the dressing-rooms, words have been spoken which would have made international incidents of the bodyline bowling standard. In Australia, Fergie has also known of injuries which have been kept secret to prevent newspapers from playing them up and demoralizing the touring team. Proof of his impartiality and iron discretion lies in the continued demands for his services from outside Australia.

A big failing among cricketers which has frequently taxed Fergie's patience is forgetfulness. Paul Gibb, the former Yorkshire and present Essex player, always forgot personal belongings when leaving hotels, and Fergie developed the habit of searching his drawers after Gibb had packed.

During a tour of the West Indies, S. C. Griffiths, who is now assistant secretary of the M.C.C., developed a strong superstitious attachment to a battered green hat, and insisted on wearing it for every game. Between times, unfortunately, he constantly mislaid it. For weeks Fergie had to



keep a special eye on that hat. Once or twice he retrieved it only just before a match began.

Apart from looking after the baggage and scoring, Fergie does a host of minor jobs, which often mean rising at 6 a.m. He arranges transport between hotels, stations and cricket grounds. He shepherds the players aboard taxis and trains. He tends bats, boots and laundry, and acts as the team's information centre. "He seems to know every train time, every pub—and nearly every inhabitant," says Bill Edrich.

Until recently, he even undertook to collect autographs for the touring teams. "That took up too much of my time," he says. "Trying to get a simple signature out of some cricketers, even though it's for their fellow players, is like getting blood out of a stone. Clarrie Grimmett, the Australian slow

bowler, was the worst. He would evade me and ignore me, and then just bluntly refuse. Well, it was all right chasing around after fellows like him when I was younger, but I'm getting a bit old for that sort of thing."

Fergie has improved the scorer's status. In the old days, a scorer merely recorded the progress of a match. Fergie, who at first hardly knew how to keep a bowler's analysis, has changed the job into a science. On score sheets of his own devising he records every ball bowled, every stroke and every piece of fielding in detail.

For journalists who pester him for statistics, he keeps up-to-the-minute bowling analyses, scoring rates, boundary totals, and totals of balls received by each batsman. In neat little circles on the backs of the score sheets he charts the direction and value of the

batsmen's scoring strokes. Despite all this complexity, his neat, quick hand has never been left behind—even when Don Bradman had gone run-crazy.

Characteristically, it was Don Bradman who made the most practical use of Fergie's charts and score sheets. "He always studied them far more diligently than anyone else," Bradman based his field placings on them, and found the batsmen's weak spots, working his bowlers accordingly. Fergie adds: "A lot of other players—Compton, for instance—have used the charts."

The biggest cricket controversy of all time began through Fergie's handiwork. In 1930, D. R. Jardine, then England's captain, borrowed the scorebooks and spent several days studying the diagrams of the Australian innings.

Later, in the grill room of London's Piccadilly Hotel, Jardine discussed his findings with Arthur Carr, the Nottinghamshire captain, and his two bowlers, Bill Voce and Harold Larwood. That night, the fast bowlers' leg theory—bodyline bowling, as the Australians called it—was born.

Few people have had such opportunity to assess cricketers as Fergie has had. "Bradman was the greatest bat I've seen," he says without hesitation. "Spooner, Tyldesley and Hobbs are my top English batsmen. Hutton? He's a very fine orthodox player. With bowlers it's more difficult to single out any one man, because there's more variety of speed and so on, but Larwood certainly had everything."

As for the players lining up for next year's fight for the Ashes, Fergie is enthusiastic about both sides. On the performances in the Tests with South Africa, the Australian party will be largely selected and its prospects judged.

"Some people," says Fergie, "are saying that the Australians will be relying too much on the old brigade of Miller, Hassett, Lindwall and Co., but there are some good youngsters—Hole, for instance—who have to be remembered. The England side is obviously the strongest for years, and they have a very good chance. It's going to be a good fight."

THE END

THE BOY WHO WAS OLD ENOUGH

Continued from page 11

will be here Tuesday, if God is willing and all goes well."

"I will pray that all goes well," Jappie said.

For though he was bold enough and unafraid with one part of him, the other part cried for the presence of his mother in the kitchen and the sight of his tall father working on the lands. The world was empty without them. The sounds of his parents at work were a part of what his ears were accustomed to hearing; the sight of them about the house and in the fields helped to fill his eyes, rounding off, as it were, the landscape, giving it cause and reason.

"Today is Saturday," Herman said.

"Ja," Jappie said.

"There is Sunday," Herman said, "and Monday, and then they will be here, if God is willing. If there is more news, good or bad," Herman said, "I will bring it."

Then he mounted and rode away, leaving a space behind him. A space that was filled by the thought that the day after tomorrow he could say, "Tomorrow."

SUNDAY passed, also a working day for a boy alone, since the beasts must be tended. But he read from the Gospel of St. John, which was where his father had left off. Each Sunday he read a chapter aloud, reading the Bible through from end to end.

In that Bible were the names of his forbears, the dates of their births, marriages and deaths. It belonged to his mother, and he saw her birthday. She was thirty-one.

He began working out the dates on the calendar that his father had been given by the store-keeper. Tuesday was the twelfth of September. It was his mother's birthday. That was a good omen.

He wished he could bake her a cake or give her some gift. He generally managed to buy something. His father

used to take him to the store, ten miles away, for the purpose. But now there was nothing he could do. He could not leave the farm to ride twenty miles. It would take too long. And then the violets came to his mind. Some were in bloom by the pomegranate trees. His mother loved flowers and if he picked them now they would last.

He went out to get them and arranged them in a glass, with a border of their own leaves. Their perfume filled the room. He set them on the little table by his parents' bed, and he closed the door to hold it in. Then he went to skim the cream from the milk he had set in pans in the dairy in the morning, and from there to the stable yards and kraals to shut up for the night. It was a still evening. Very beautiful, and all was well. He watched the last bees coming home to the box hives. How late some of them worked! And tomorrow, he could say "Tomorrow."

He was up before dawn saying it. "Tomorrow, tomorrow." He said it to himself, and then he saw Herman coming. News, he thought. "Good or bad," Herman had said.

And the news he brought was bad. His father was wonderfully well, but they were not coming until Thursday—not for three days. Well, three days would pass, as the others had, but it was a blow to him. His mother would not be home for her birthday and the violets would not last. Still, there had been plenty of buds, and on Wednesday he would pick more.

As he watched Herman go, he saw the sheep coming in, led by Wit Booi, the big white gelded goat. The goat had a little bell fastened to a strap around his neck, and each evening he got a handful of mealies as a reward for leading the flock home. Behind him came the ram and, strung out behind them, the ewes and lambs.

That night, Moskou was uneasy. He barked once and growled.

Jappie got up, and, taking the gun

from its nail, went out with the dog. But they saw nothing. All was still.

In the morning when he went to the sheep kraal, one ewe lay dead. There was no mark on her, no blood. Perhaps she had died of illness, a sickness, but when they had come in last night all had been well.

While he wondered, Moskou began to whimper. He went to the dog, and there on the soft ground outside the kraal was a spoor. It was big and round—a cat spoor, but nearly three inches across. "Rooikat," he said—lynx—and then, calling the dog to him, he went back into the kraal and, parting the heavy wool round the ewe's neck, he found two tooth marks.

He dragged the sheep to the back veranda and, fastening a strap about its hocks, hoisted it on to a beam and made the strap fast. Later he would skin it and the meat would be good. But now he must make a plan. He worked quickly, milking, watering, feeding, and turning out the stock.

Plan? Before God, there was only

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A tender story for Christmas

All Creatures Great And Small

AND A BRILLIANT NEW STORY

BY MICHAEL GILBERT—

Mrs. Haslet's Gone

one plan. He must do as his pa would have done. He must kill the lynx, for it would be back. There had been a shower in the night. The scent would be good and the spoor easy to see. He went into the house for the gun.

Then he went back to the kraal, patted Moskou and pointed to the spoor, saying: "Now go and find him and we will kill him, before he kills more of our sheep."

THE dog put his nose to the ground. His tail lashed furiously, and then he was off at a canter. He went up the mountain, giving tongue. Jappie ran behind him. The gun was heavy in his hand, and the bandolier bumped up and down against his hip. He could hear Moskou, the bell-like note of his cry coming from not more than a hundred yards ahead, and then he came up to him. The hound had checked. Marking the place where he had lost the scent on a rocky flat, Jappie cast round in a circle with the dog and picked it up again. This time it was hotter and the hound went faster. The note of his voice deepened to a bay.

He is near, Jappie thought, and ran hard. Then, in some heavy milk bush, he heard Moskou barking loudly. He's treed him, he thought. Then came savage yelps and deep bays. The lynx broke cover with the dog close behind him, ran up a steep cliff and turned into a small cave in the limestone.

Now we've got him, Jappie thought, because Moskou was barking at the entrance and looking back at him as he climbed.

The cave gave on to a ledge, and as he reached it he saw the lynx crouched on the floor, glaring at him. Its great yellow eyes were narrowed slits, and its lips were drawn back over its bared fangs. Its black tufted ears were laid back against its neck. Its red body was flat on the ground, its short tail raised as it got ready to spring.

Jappie put up his gun and pressed



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the trigger. Nothing happened. He opened the bolt, reloaded and fired again. This time the cartridge exploded, but as he shot, the animal charged. The boy warded it off with the barrel, but the lynx bit him in the arm and scratched him from neck to belt with its sharp claws. He felt its breath on his face.

Dropping the rifle, he gripped its throat, trying to keep it away from his face, and felt with his other hand for the knife in his belt.

As the lynx jumped at Jappie, Moskou had sprung at it, seizing it in the loin. The lynx turned away from the boy as he stabbed it in the side, and swung back on the dog. As it turned, Jappie passed his hand over its back and drove the hunting knife in again behind its shoulder-blade. Dropping him completely, the lynx fell on its back and, reaching upwards, seized Moskou by the throat from below. The hound and the lynx became an indistinguishable blur of red fur and yellow skin. A spitting, snarling, growling, bloody mass.

Moskou shook himself free and stood over the lynx, his ruff covered with thick, dark blood. With a savage roar he closed in again, his jaws on the lynx's throat. It was dead now—limp, but twitching still. The hound stood over it for an instant and then staggered and fell. Half skinned alive, the great muscles of his side exposed, one cheek torn out, he lay and, turning his golden eyes to Jappie, he died on top of the lynx. His eyes never closed, they simply lost expression, glazing slowly as death came to him.

Jappie sat down on the bloody floor of the cave. They had done it. The lynx was finished, but Moskou was dead, and without Moskou the lynx might have killed him. The dog had died so that he might live. He looked at his arm. It was badly torn and bleeding. He took off his shirt and cut it into strips with his knife and bandaged himself as well as he could. When he got home he would put turpentine on it from the bottle on the shelf, and cover it with cobwebs.

He was very cool now. He must fix up his wounds and then fetch the dog and the lynx. He must come back with a horse. He went over the horses in his mind. There was only one, old Meisie, that was tame enough for the job. Horses did not like the smell of blood.

THE boy went slowly home, his arm in a sling made from the rest of his shirt. At the house, he took the brandy bottle from the cupboard and drank half a cup. He had never tasted brandy before, and it burnt him, but made him feel better. Then he poured turpentine on his wounds. It bit him, stung like a hot iron. He walked up and down until the pain was less severe and then, poking some cobwebs from the thatch, he covered the wound and bandaged his arm with the strips of old linen that his mother kept rolled and ready for accidents.

Now for Meisie. She was near the house and easy to catch. He bridled and saddled her. He got two riems from the wagon shed and led her up the mountain. Twice he had to rest. When he got near the cave, he tied the mare to a tree, and dragged out the dead dog and the lynx. He succeeded in getting them on to a flat rock that was almost as high as the saddle. Then he took off his coat, covered the old mare's head with it, crossed the stirrup leathers and hoisted the lynx from the rock on to the mare's back, tied it, passing the riem from its legs through the stirrup irons. Now for the dog.

As he tied Moskou beside the lynx he could hardly see for his tears. Then, taking his coat off the mare, he led her back. His mind was very clear. He knew what he must do. The cows must be allowed to run with their calves. He would not be able to milk. The horses could run. If the kraal was left open, Wit Booi would bring in the sheep. The poultry he would feed heavily and then they must manage for themselves.

He off-saddled the mare, letting the saddle fall to the ground with its

burden. Then he washed her back and flanks free of blood, because blood would cause her hair to come out. Then, running a riem through a pulley on one of the beams of the barn, he hoisted the dead body of the lynx and tied the end of the riem. It could hang there, beside the sheep it had killed, till tomorrow when his father came.

The grave for Moskou was another matter. It was hard to dig with one hand. He drove in the spade, pressed it home with his foot, and then scooped out the earth, levering the spade shaft against his knee. It was not a proper grave. It was more of a scraping in the black ground that ended, when he had dragged Moskou into it, as a mound beside the violet bed. That had been the only place to bury him. That, he had been certain of since the beginning. There he would be remembered, and safe.

With the grave finished, and the dog covered under a soft blanket of rich, brown earth, Jappie dropped the spade and went into the house. He did not undress. He took off his shoes and fell on his father's bed. His father would be back tomorrow. Until tomorrow, everything must take care of itself. He had done what he could and could do no more.

HIS father looked about the room. The boy had not heard them come. "Where's Moskou?" he said.

His father looked pale and much thinner, Jappie thought.

His mother said: "What happened, Jappie?"

"Nothing," he said. "The lynx scratched me."

"Lynx?" his father said.

"Ja," the boy said. "The lynx. We killed it. But all is well but one sheep. He killed the sheep, Pa."

"And Moskou?" his father said.

"Moskou is dead," he said. "I buried him. Ja," he said, "I buried him by the violets under the mulberry tree."

"A brave dog," his father said.

"Ja, a brave dog."

"A brave boy," his mother said, stroking Jappie's forehead.

"Ja, he is brave," his father said, "but what else could he be with our blood?" Then he said: "How did you kill him, Jappie?"

"With my knife," Jappie said.

"But the gun? Surely you took the gun?"

"I took the gun. But the shells are old, Pa. It misfired and he charged. Moskou took him from behind, but he turned on him . . . and I drove home the knife."

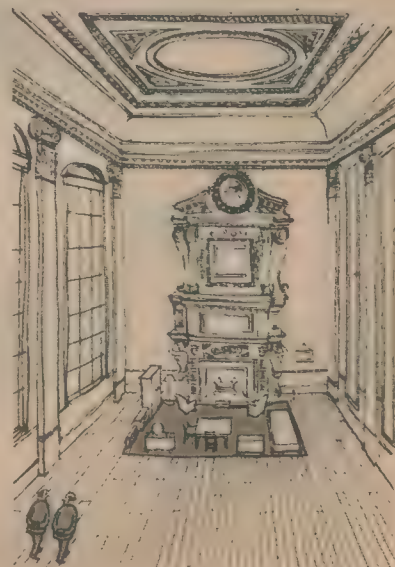
"I should not have left him," his mother said.

"He was old enough," his father said. "To kill a lynx with a dog and a knife is old enough."

"Moskou is dead," the boy said again, and turned his face to the wall.

"Oud genoeg," his father said. "Old enough."

THE END



"We were living in a one-room flat till we found this place"

TAKE MY TIP

AIR escaping from the worn hose of our cylinder-type vacuum cleaner seriously reduced the suction power. I bought a cycle inner tube, cut it into eighteen-inch lengths, and rolled them up. Then I rolled the rings out on the hose so that they overlapped by two inches, making it completely airtight.

—R. Dowden, North Shields.



JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

TREASURE IN ROWANDALE FIELD

Continued from page 14

had been used for the annual sheep show. Some of the ancients were of opinion that it had never been ploughed since the dawn of time.

Perched on his small tractor, a cloud of black-headed gulls fluttering and foraging in his wake, he whistled in a cheerful fashion. A genial, easy-going type, he was thinking that this fine weather must be a boon to his partner, George Price, who had gone on a fortnight's holiday to Keswick. He had taken George into partnership a couple of years since, when Linghow, the other house on the farm, fell vacant. A dour chap, George, who never seemed to find anything to smile at, but a hard worker.

Jim had turned up about half the field when his placid blue eyes suddenly narrowed with curiosity. Poking out between the stones and the broken, naked earth showed a hard, thin curve, looking like metal or pottery. He stopped the tractor, walked back and scrambled with his hands, while the attendant gulls flurried off a few retreating yards. What he drew out presently was an article the shape of a big plate. His thumbnail scraped away the soil to reveal a silvery gleam.

"By gosh!" he said aloud, loud enough to scare the gulls. Five minutes later, scraping around cautiously with a spade, he was bringing to light another metal shape. By four o'clock he had unearthed eleven of these, and it was obvious to his untrained eye that they were very, very old and made of silver.

Maggie, his wife, coming out to inquire why he was so late for tea, stared at the collection he had gathered. He handed her one of the silver shapes, and she gazed at it in shrewd wonderment.

"Jim! Likely they're worth a lot. Maybe they're Roman. Don't forget Romans were up in these parts."

Jim had been thinking the same himself. "I'll go and fetch the parson," he said. "He's well up on Romans, is parson."

Thus was the Iredale silver discovered, eleven pieces of beautiful Roman art.

At Keswick, where George Price and his wife were staying with her brother, Tom Firth, who kept an inn, they read the reports in the papers, and discussed the topic from every angle. One writer stated that the find was of great value, worth at least £50,000. In the local weekly paper there were photos of the silver and of Jim Todd, in collarless shirt, grinning out under a battered cap.

George Price, thin of mouth and narrow yet heavy of feature, kept nodding and saying: "Ay." Most of the talking was done by his wife and brother-in-law. The legal owners of

the silver, insisted Firth, would be the Crown.

"Comes under treasure trove, does that stuff," he said, "nay matter who finds it."

"Then Jim won't get anything?" said George slowly.

"Ah," said Firth, "likely he will. He'll get something substantial-like as a reward. 'Tis usual."

George said nothing. That expressionless face of his had been hiding resentful thoughts for years. In his dark and private mind he was for ever railing against the fate that had brought good luck to others and never to him. Take the chaps that ran their own farms through the war. What with subsidies, wool prices and meat prices, they had made thousands. A better farmer he was, he reckoned, than a lot of them. But because he had no capital, it had meant slaving away all the time as a hired man, putting into their pockets what ought to have gone into his own. Jim Todd had taken him in as partner two years since, but the best part of the boom was over.

Thoughts of this sort had been poisoning him over a long period. Though he refused to admit the truth, he was near to hating Jim. When he read the paragraph about the fatal accident to Eb Richardson, he caught himself wishing it had been Jim instead.

This discovery of the Roman silver had set up in him a sullen smouldering. Why should Jim have the luck? The unfairness of it stuck in his throat until he felt almost physically sick.

On the day after George returned from his holiday, Jim went up to London by the early train, at the invitation of the British Museum. He got back the next evening.

George had milked the Shorthorns, and was feeding the dogs preparatory to shutting them up for the night. He waited for Jim to say something about his interview. Jim didn't mention it.

At last George asked: "Are the museum chaps going to pay you anything?"

There was a hint of a smile about Jim's mouth. He shrugged his shoulders and said airily: "Maybe a pound or two. Something to buy a bit o' baccy. I'll be passing on some of it to you, George." He laughed and added: "But don't count on a lot."

George nodded, and clumped away, the nails of his shepherds' boots clinking on the stones of the stack-yard. Jim grinned to himself, and refused to say a word to Maggie about his trip to London until he had swallowed ham and eggs and a pint of tea. Then he broke the news.

"They're going to give me an award of two thousand pounds."

Maggie gasped. "No!"

"Ay. Proper daft about those silver

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plates, they were," he said, chuckling.
"Daft they must be," said Maggie.
"Two thousand pounds!"
"As for George. . . ." he said.
Stuffing his pipe, he looked up at her
and burst into a rumble of laughter.
He was having a great joke with
George, he explained, and she must
keep it to herself.

"I've been reckoning this way.
George is my partner, and he's a right
to half. And he'll get it."

Maggie opened her mouth, hesitated,
and nodded. "Ay, that's fair."

"Well," said Jim, "here he'll be,
thinkin' he'll get scarce enough to buy
a pair of clogs. And one morning a
letter will come for him from the
British Museum. And inside will be
a cheque for a thousand pounds." He
slapped his thigh and roared with
delight. "By gocks! Can you see
George's face when he sees that
cheque?"

Maggie said: "It'll be a change to
see him smile, anyway. He's a dour
one, is George Price."

It took some weeks before final
authority was given for the money to
be paid over. Jim was not sorry for
the delay. It helped him to get the
full flavour out of the joke. The longer
it went on, the greater the surprise for
George in the end. It was going to be
a fair capper.

And George, asking no questions,
chewed a cud of rancour that reeked
with bitterness. In the cloudy recesses
of his mind he fostered a growing
hatred. What brought it to a head
was a news item in the gossip column
of a farming paper. The writer said
he had heard that the authorities had
decided to pay to Mr. James Todd, of
Bankend Farm, Iredale, the sum of
£2,000 as an award for finding the
Roman silver.

George's long upper lip drew down
until his mouth was a taut line. His
wide hands stirred and clenched, as if
to choke the life out of something.
From that moment, sanity gave up the
struggle, and brooding savagery took
its place.

On the Wednesday of Whit week,
late in the afternoon and early in the
evening, he was driving the tractor in
the Show Field, using the cultivator to
tear up the weeds between the stitches.
Every yard he travelled reminded him
of his obsession. When he had finished
the field, he went to help with the
milking.

Jim had already started. Squatting
on a stool, and coaxing the warm
stream into a bucket, he grinned up at
George. "You've not turned up any
silver?"

"No," said George, his voice tone-
less.

Jim laughed. "Well, you never
know. You might find some in the
next field."

George's face was averted. His
nostrils were dilating. But he kept a
hold on himself. He said in a deadly
quiet fashion: "Some folks have all
the luck."

Jim's chaffing smile gave place to a
wide-eyed, solemn nod. "Ay, you're
right. There was me, ploughing up
that silver. And at the same time,
there was poor old Eb Richardson being
killed by a tractor. 'Tis a queer
world."

George said nothing. Somehow the
mention of the word tractor and of
killing had started up a gleam in his
brain. An accident, with a tractor.
Something natural-like. Something
that could happen without a word of
suspicion being whispered against him.

By the middle of the next morning,
George had completed the job with the
cultivator. He had arranged with Jim
to take the afternoon off. He chugged
slowly around to the front of the farm-
house and into the stackyard at the
side. There, he detached the cultivator
and left it in a corner of the yard. The
tractor he drove on through the open
doors of the old stone barn.

A cart was there, the back of it
against the massive wall, the fronts of
the shafts resting on the ground and
pointing towards the doorway. He
stopped the tractor with the bonnet
between the shafts, and left it in gear.
It was a near certainty that when Jim

came to take it away, he would stand
between the bonnet and the cart, to
give the starting handle a twist. And
the tractor would leap forward and
smash him against the solid timber of
the cart. It would give him no time to
leap sideways and clear, over one of
the shafts.

George squeezed his narrow lips at
the thought; he had been thinking
about it all night.

He plodded out of the barn and on
to the road. He had an urge to hurry,
to get out of earshot, but refused to let
his legs move beyond their normal
pace. In the distance, moving up the
dale towards him, slid a blur of red-
ness. It was the top of the post-van,
showing above the rim of the bordering
walls.

As George reached the turning of the
Linghow farm lane, the van came up
with him and stopped. The postman's
head and hand poked through the
window. "Save a bit of time and
petrol," he said. "A letter for you."

He held out a typed envelope, with
a printed heading. George took it,
and began to slit it open. The postman
drove on up the dale road.

A letter and a cheque came out of the
envelope. George stared at them. He
saw the amount on the cheque: a thou-
sand pounds. His jaw dropped. He
went on staring, as if his eyes refused
to focus. The dazed look in them was
followed by a kind of awakening
horror. He managed to make out odd
phrases among the neat typing. "On
the instructions of Mr. James Todd, of
Bankend Farm, Iredale. . . . Accord-
ingly, we have much pleasure. . . ."

He looked up, licking his lips,
shaking his head. Suddenly, he let out
a bawl like a wounded animal and
started to run full tilt back up the dale
road. He had seven hundred yards to
run, and he would gladly have given
that £1,000 to cover them in one second.

Gasping, his chest tight with the
effort, he drove himself on. He saw,
in the distance, the stationary red blob
of the mail van outside Bankend. Now
it was moving off and driving on,
farther up the dale.

He reached the corner of the stack-
yard entrance. Sweat was in his eyes
and the breath sobbing jerkily in his
throat. Above the clamour of his
heart and the pounding of his boots
sounded the cough of a tractor
spluttering into life. He flung himself
across the yard, and in the old barn
a groaning scream rose and died.

From the doorway he had a glimpse
of his handiwork. Jim was pinned
against the framework of the cart, the
tractor ramming into his stomach. His
face was grey, and his hands were
making failing, limp thrusts to hold
back the pressure of eighteen horse-
power.

GEORGE plunged forward; put the
tractor in reverse. For a moment it
stuck, and he heaved with the
strength of terror. Then it dropped,
backed into the solid wall, and was held
by three feet of granite.

Jim slid down and crumpled on the
floor of the barn. George stood by
helplessly, with no notion of how to
revive him. Jim's noisy, irregular
breathing grew steadier. The greyness
of his face changed slowly. He stirred
and raised himself on one elbow, and
his other hand felt gingerly at his
stomach.

"Nothing broken," he muttered.
"Lucky it was the stomach. It gives,
like." He jerked his head towards
the tractor. "Yon was in gear."

George tried to say something, and
failed. Jim sat up and said: "Postman
came, and kept me a minute, or I'd
have been dead by now. I started her
up just as you rushed in. It's mighty
feckless to forget and leave her in
gear, George. Likely you remembered
suddenly?"

"Ay."
"Anyway," said Jim, "I'll never
forget you saved me, George. In a
very short while I'd have been dead
meat."

George plumped down abruptly on a
sack of Indian corn. His face was
paler even than Jim's had been. "You
would have been, Jim," he said.
"You would have been." THE END



ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 17

meet his end there, in Berlin; those who wished could go to the south, but he would never move.

The setting in which Hitler played the last scene of all was well suited to the end of so strange a history. The Chancellery air-raid shelter, in which the events of April 22 had taken place, was buried fifty feet beneath the ground, and built in two storeys covered with a massive canopy of reinforced concrete. The lower of the storeys formed the *Fuehrerbunker*.

It was divided into eighteen small rooms grouped on each side of a central passageway. Half of this passage was closed by a partition and used for the daily conferences. A suite of six rooms was set aside for Hitler and Eva Braun. Eva had a bed-sitting-room, a bathroom and a dressing-room; Hitler a bedroom and a study, the sole decoration of which was a portrait of Frederick the Great. A map-room used for small conferences, a telephone exchange, a power-house and guard-rooms took up most of the rest of the space, but there were two rooms for Goebbels and two more for Hitler's surgeon.

Frau Goebbels, who insisted on remaining with her husband, together with her five children, occupied four rooms on the floor above, where the kitchen, servants' quarters and dining-hall were also to be found. The physical atmosphere of the bunker was oppressive, but this was nothing compared to the pressure of the psychological atmosphere. The incessant air-raids, the knowledge that the Russians were now in the city, nervous exhaustion, fear and despair, produced a tension bordering on hysteria.

Raids Kept Him Up

Hitler had been living in the bunker for some time. Such sleep as he got in the last month appears to have been between eight and eleven o'clock in the morning. As soon as the mid-morning air attacks began, Hitler got up and dressed. He had a horror of being caught either lying down or undressed.

Much of the time was still taken up with conferences. The midday or afternoon conference was matched by a second after midnight, which sometimes lasted till dawn. The evening meal was served between 9 and 10 p.m., and Hitler liked to drag it out in order not to be left alone during a night air-raid.

The early morning meal was the one he most enjoyed, and he would greedily eat chocolate and cakes, playing with Blondi and the puppies which she produced in March. To one of these puppies Hitler gave his own old nickname, Wolf, and brought it up without

anyone's help. He would lie with it on his lap, stroking it and repeating its name, until the meal was over and he tried to get some sleep.

After April 20, a considerable number of Hitler's entourage left for the south, including Goering. Apart from Hitler's personal staff, the most important people who remained with Hitler were Goebbels, with his wife and family, Martin Bormann, the sinister and much-hated head of the party chancery, who had made himself indispensable to Hitler, and Eva Braun. Eva had arrived in the middle of April, announcing her determination to stay with Hitler to the end, and she refused to be turned out.

Hitler's own mood was highly unstable. In the course of his outburst on the twenty-second, he declared that there was nothing more he could do; the rest might as well be left to Goering. "There's precious little more fighting to be done, and if it comes to negotiating, the Reich Marshal can do better than I can."

Arrest Goering!

When Goering (who was Hitler's successor-designate), however, took these words at their face value and telegraphed asking if Hitler agreed to his taking over the responsibility of leadership, Hitler was furious at his presumption and ordered his arrest.

But to try to make too much sense out of what Hitler said or ordered in those final days would be wholly to misread his state of mind. Those who saw him, and who were not so infected by the atmosphere of the bunker as to share his mood, regarded him as closer than ever to that shadowy line which divides the world of the sane from that of the insane.

Hitler found it more difficult than ever to realize the situation outside the shelter, or to grasp that this was the end. His resentment found expression in constant accusations of treachery, which were echoed by Goebbels and the others. One eye-witness describes Eva Braun as "raving about all the ungrateful swine who had deserted their Fuehrer and should be destroyed."

Eva regarded her own fate with equanimity. She had no desire to survive Hitler, and spent much of her time changing her clothes and caring for her appearance in order to keep up his spirits. Her perpetual complaint was: "Poor, poor Adolf, deserted by everyone, betrayed by all. Better that ten thousand others die than that he should be lost to Germany."

On the night of the twenty-sixth, the Russians began to shell the Chancellery, and the bunker shook as the massive masonry split and crashed into the courtyard and garden. Resistance could scarcely last much longer. The Russians were now less than a mile



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There isn't another holiday till Easter, so don't let anything upset this Christmas for you. A nice glass of Andrews is quite the pleasantest and most effective way of warding off tummy-trouble. This thoroughly gentle family

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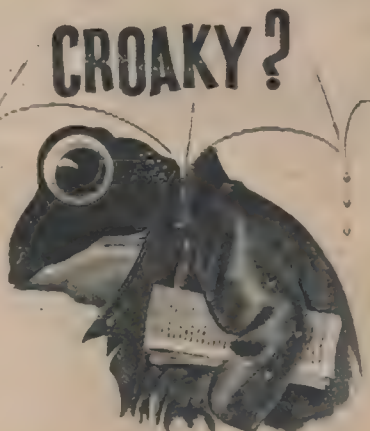
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away, and the German Army was reduced to a handful of exhausted companies fighting desperately street by street for the barely recognizable centre of Berlin.

The climax came on the night of Saturday, April 28, when news reached Hitler that Himmler, his own Minister of the Interior and *Reichsfuehrer* of the S.S., was trying to start negotiations with the Western Powers through a Swedish intermediary.

Hitler was beside himself with rage at the news. Goering had at least asked permission first before beginning negotiations; Himmler, in whose loyalty he had placed implicit faith, had said nothing. Hitler's first thought was revenge, and orders were sent out from the besieged bunker that Himmler must be arrested at all costs.

Hitler was now resolved to make an end, and in the early hours of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, he turned to his personal affairs.

One human being at least had remained true, and she should have her reward. The argument he had always used against marriage—that it would interfere with his career—no longer carried weight. So, between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. on the twenty-ninth, Hitler married Eva Braun.

Drank Champagne

The Fuehrer's marriage took place in the map-room which was used for small conferences. Goebbels and Bormann were present as witnesses, and signed the register after the bride and bridegroom. Eva began to write her maiden name of Braun, but struck out the initial B and corrected her signature to "Eva Hitler, née Braun."

Afterwards the bridal party returned to their private suite, where a few friends came in to drink champagne and to talk nostalgically of the old days.

The celebration went on while Hitler retired to the adjoining room with his secretary, Frau Junge. There, in the early hours of April 29, he dictated his will and his political testament.

Facing death and the destruction of the régime he had created, this man, who had exacted the sacrifice of millions of lives rather than admit defeat, was still recognizably the old Hitler. From beginning to end of his political testament there is not a word of regret, nor a suggestion of remorse. The fault is that of others, above all that of the Jews. Word for word, Hitler's final address to the German nation could be taken from almost any of his early speeches of the 1920s, or from the pages of *Mein Kampf*. Twenty-odd years had changed and taught him nothing.

The second part of the testament contains Hitler's provisions for the succession. He began by expelling Goering and Himmler from the Nazi Party and from all offices of State. As his successor he appointed Admiral Doenitz, the C-in-C. of the navy, as President of the Reich and supreme commander of the armed forces. Goebbels and Bormann had their reward, the first as the new Chancellor, the second as Party Minister.

Signed His Will

At four o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 29, the testament was signed. At the same time Hitler signed his will. This was a shorter and more personal document:

"Although I did not consider that I could take the responsibility during the years of struggle of contracting a marriage, I have now decided, before the end of my life, to take as my wife the woman who, after many years of faithful friendship, of her own free will entered this town, when it was already besieged, in order to share my fate. At her own desire she goes to death with me as my wife. This will compensate us for what we have both lost through my work in the service of my people.

"What I possess belongs—in so far as it has any value—to the party, or, if this no longer exists, to the State. Should the State, too, be destroyed, no further decision on my part is necessary.

"I myself and my wife choose to



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die in order to escape the disgrace of deposition or capitulation. It is our wish to be burned immediately in the place where I have carried out the greater part of my daily work in the course of my twelve years' service to my people."

Hitler now began to make systematic preparations for taking his life. He had his Alsatian bitch, Blondi, destroyed, and in the early hours of Monday, April 30, assembled his staff in the passage of the bunker in order to say farewell.

On the morning of the thirtieth, he was given the latest reports on the situation in Berlin at the usual conference. The Russians had reached the Potsdamer Platz, only a block or two away from the Chancellery. Hitler received the news without excitement, and took lunch at two o'clock in the company of his two secretaries and his cook. Eva Hitler remained in her room, and Hitler behaved as if nothing unusual were happening.

In the early afternoon, Erich Kempka, Hitler's chauffeur, was ordered to send two hundred litres of petrol to the Chancellery garden. It was carried over in jerricans and its delivery supervised by Heinz Linge, Hitler's batman.

The Door Closed

Meanwhile, having finished his lunch, Hitler went to fetch his wife from her room, and for the second time they said farewell to Goebbels, Bormann and the others who remained in the bunker. Hitler then returned to the Fuehrer's suite with Eva and closed the door.

A few minutes passed while those outside stood waiting in the passage. Then a single shot rang out.

After a brief pause, the little group outside opened the door. Hitler was lying on the sofa, which was soaked in blood: he had shot himself through the mouth. On his right-hand side lay Eva Braun, also dead: she had swallowed poison. The time was half past three on the afternoon of Monday, April 30, 1945, ten days after Hitler's fifty-sixth birthday.

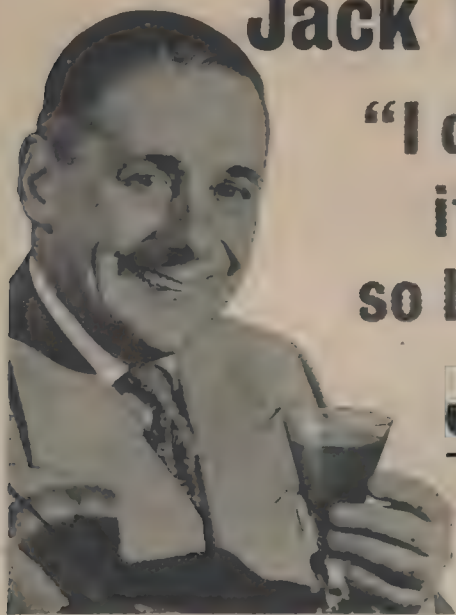
Hitler's instructions for the disposal of their bodies had been explicit, and they were obeyed to the letter. Hitler's own body, wrapped in a blanket, was carried out and up to the garden by two S.S. men. The head was concealed, but the black trousers and black shoes which he wore with his uniform jacket hung down beneath the covering.

Eva's body was picked up by Bormann, who handed it to Kempka. They made their way up the stairs and out into the open air, accompanied by Goebbels and two others. The doors leading into the garden had been locked, and the bodies were laid in a shallow depression of sandy soil close to the porch.

Picking up the cans of petrol, one after another, Guensche, Hitler's S.S. adjutant, poured the contents over the two corpses and set fire to them with a lighted rag.

A sheet of flame leaped up, and the watchers withdrew to the shelter of

Continued on page 31



Jack Train says

"I don't mind
if I do...
so long as it's
**JAMAICA
RUM**"

"DO YOU KNOW, SIR," quavers Colonel Chinstrap in his rich and spirituous voice, "When I was in my first Reg'ment of the Line, we had the most remarkable drummer. Most drummers, you know, beat out 'rat-tat-tat.' But not this feller. He used to do a tremendous roll — 'R-r-rum, rum, rum-rum-rum' — Jamaica Rum, of course. Used to give me quite a thirst, all that hard listening on the parade ground. I was pretty good at getting out of a Mess, too — especially if the thing I got out was Jamaica Rum."

Colonel Chinstrap minus moustache equals Jack Train — and Jack Train is the well-known punny man on Twenty Questions. Somebody offered him a drink the other day. "Jamaica Sprucer, Jack?" they asked. "No, No," said Jack Train, "that's how she always is!" Then he saw what he'd been given. "I don't mind if I do!" he said. He didn't, and he did.

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GRACIE FIELDS *Jamaica Moca* Strong black coffee, cold (iced if possible) lightly sweetened with brown sugar. Add one-eighth Jamaica Rum, stir well, serve in a long glass.

JACK TRAIN *Jamaica Sprucer* Three-quarters Jamaica Rum, one-quarter Italian Vermouth, dash lime juice, dash angostura bitters.

ANONA WINN *Jamaica Pineapple* Three-eighths Jamaica Rum, five-eighths Pineapple Juice, ice if you can get it. Top up with soda water.

GILBERT HARDING *Jamaica Lime* One measure of Jamaica Rum and one measure of lime juice cordial in a tall glass. Top up with soda; clink in a cube of ice and drink through a straw.

JOY SHELTON *Jamaica Bittersweet* One measure Jamaica Rum, half-measure Ginger Wine, dash angostura bitters.

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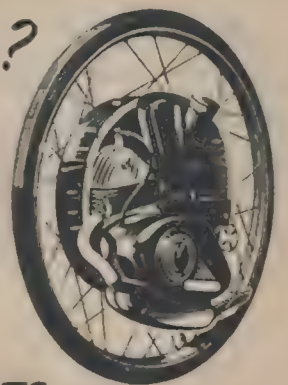


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Kidnapped Family

‘GEORGE AND I were expecting a very lonely Christmas. Then word came that my niece and her husband were delayed in their return from a trip abroad. Their children, alas! must remain at school for Christmas!

“Inspiration—we’d bring them to our house! So, with a little arranging, Jean and Margaret came to us for Christmas. And what a good time for all! With Christmas Day dinner the crowning event! There was gorgeous Batchelors Cream of Tomato soup, turkey with all the trimmings, lovely Batchelors peas, and Christmas pudding. Everything was so marvellous that we’re ‘kidnapping’ a family again this year!”... Glorious meals for guests and family are no problem—with Batchelors wonderful canned foods in the house. Ask for delicious Batchelors *today!*

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WONDERFUL Foods



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ENGLISH CANNED SOUPS • VEGETABLES • FRUITS

ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 28

the porch. A heavy Russian bombardment was in progress and shells continually burst on the Chancellery. Silently they stood to attention, and for the last time gave the Hitler salute; then turned and disappeared into the shelter.

Outside, in the deserted garden, the two bodies burned steadily side by side.

An attempt at a mass escape by the men and women crowded into the network of bunkers round the Chancellery was made on the night of May 1, and many succeeded in making their way out of Berlin. Among them was Martin Bormann: whether he was killed at the time or got away has never been established.

Goebbels did not join them. On the evening of May 1, after giving poison to his children, Goebbels shot his wife and himself in the Chancellery garden. The bodies were set on fire by Goebbels's adjutant. After that the *Fuehrerbunker* itself was set on fire.

On May 7 the German armed forces surrendered unconditionally: the Third Reich had outlasted its founder by one week.

Dead—Or Alive?

Is Hitler dead? More than seven years have now passed without any trace of his survival, despite the most lurid and exciting rumours. It may well be doubted whether a man in his exhausted state of health would in fact have lived long if he had escaped from the bunker.

True, the evidence is only circumstantial—the accounts, most carefully investigated by H. R. Trevor-Roper, of



those who took part in the final scene at the bunker, Hitler's statement of intention in his will, and so on. Nobody can prove that it was Hitler's body which was carried up the stairs into the garden, for the head remained covered, nor have the ashes and fragments of bone, which even the fiercest fire could be expected to leave, ever been discovered.

But these are less serious gaps in the story than may appear at first sight. It was perfectly natural to cover Hitler's head, since he had shot himself through the mouth. The clothes on the body were certainly his. As for the ashes, it has been suggested that they may have been collected and

placed in a casket to be handed to the Hitler Youth commander, who was present, as sacred relics for the next generation.

But the simplest explanation may still be the correct one. It is not known how thorough a search was made by the Russians, and it is perfectly possible that the remains of Hitler and his wife became mixed up with those of the other bodies which were found there, especially as the garden remained under continuous bombardment until the Russians captured the Chancellery on May 2.

This remains hypothesis, but when it is added to the psychological probability—which all the evidence

confirms—that this was the end Hitler would choose, and the state of his health at the time, it is a fairly convincing argument.

In any case, seven years is a long time. If Hitler has not so far appeared to take advantage of the confusion and divisions which he left as his legacy to Europe, it is a reasonable assumption that he is in fact dead. Whether a Hitler legend may not yet appear to prove more troublesome than ever Hitler alive would be, is another question, to which the answer of the future is still concealed. THE END

Alan Bullock's book, "Hitler—A Study in Tyranny," on which this series was based, is published by Odhams Press at 25s.

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Continued from page 20

friend. What is it you wear round your neck?"

Old Uncle swore and his hand felt his throat. He pulled up the religious medal that hung under his shirt and sent it swinging across the floor by the string. "Something for luck, that's all it is. Eh, Anacleto—you're not against luck?"

"I'm not against luck—but that wasn't for luck. That was a little piece of you that you couldn't give to me."

The others sat watching. They looked from Malo to Old Uncle Joaquin and back to Old Uncle again.

OLD UNCLE SWAYED across the room. With his heel, he ground the medallion into the floor. Then his mouth moved sideways in a loose, trembling motion. He sat down again. The sweat filled the deep lines across his forehead, and slipped steadily into his eyes. He spoke like a man in great bodily pain: "Anacleto, you've been like a son to me—Mother of God, I would kill the priest, wouldn't I?"

Malo put out a hand to pinch his chin as if he had been a giant baby. "Old Uncle, I'm playing with you! I trust no man on earth except you."

The others sat back and relaxed.

"He would have taken a gun and shot the priest in the street to prove he was faithful," Pablo laughed.

Old Uncle sat back with his handkerchief. "Anacleto, the Devil must live in you to make sport of me like that."

Malo said idly: "So you think I should let them go back to the church?"

Old Uncle spread out his hands. "If they go to church, he will tell them, God will protect them against you. Well, let them go to church—God won't protect them. The priest has promised to answer their prayers for them, hasn't he? He's promised them miracles, hasn't he? All right, let us give him the chance."

Malo sat silent, his eyes narrowed.

The next morning there was a notice on the gates of the church: MASS WILL BE SAID AT 12 P.M.

It was not put there by Father Keogh. It had nothing to do with the sacristan.

At first the town believed it was a trick. Father Keogh, too, mistrusted

it. He paid a visit to Malo in the Hotel Martinez.

"You've come about the notice, Father?"

"Yes, I have. What's the meaning of it?"

"I thought I had made that quite clear. You may say mass in your church again, Father."

"How am I to believe you?"

"Only by accepting my word."

Their eyes met. "I accept it," Father Keogh said.

He took the news from house to house. The church was fuller than it had ever been before. Father Keogh was surprised to find it bedecked with paper streamers. But he was astonished when he beheld the statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe. A strip of red velvet had been hung about her feet and pinned to it there were a dozen tiny wooden tortoises. He looked for Locha, but she was not there.

After the service, he went up to call on Don Pedro. He found Don Pedro at home to him and his wife, Doña Marian, no longer indisposed.

"Well, Father?" Don Pedro greeted

him. "I hear you've had some narrow escapes."

"I was wondering if I might touch your generosity, Don Pedro. We badly need a hospital. Would you make a donation again?"

"I am not the rich man I was," complained Don Pedro. "If you rely on my subscription only, the place will remain half built."

"I was thinking of asking for other subscriptions. Perhaps Malo would give."

Locha came into the room. She was followed by a tall boy with a closely cropped head. He had only a shy smile for Father Keogh.

"Father, this is my sister's boy, Dyke Brown," introduced Doña Marian. "Dyke, what have you to say to the padre?"

Dyke held out his hand with his eyes on the floor. He mumbled: "It's nice to know you, sir."

"And Locha?" Father Keogh inquired. "What have you got to say to the padre?"

She had nothing to say. She, too, kept her eyes on the ground.

"Don't they make a cute little pair together?" Doña Marian asked.

Don Pedro interrupted: "It's useless to ask Comachi."

"There's nothing like trying," Father Keogh smiled. "Well, Don Pedro, are you going to be left behind?"

Don Pedro pointed across to his daughter. "The day she gets married I'll give it."

"For heaven's sake!" Doña Marian waived. "Do we have to wait till then?"

Father Keogh put his hand under Locha's chin. "Never mind," he smiled. "We'll be sure of our hospital if she keeps that pretty face."

She turned and ran out of the room. Dyke Brown followed her, a slow, sleepy grin on his face.

Father Keogh said: "I wonder if I might have a word with Francisco before I go?"

"Sure, sure," Doña Marian said, ringing the bell. "Is it private?"

"If you don't object."

"Why, no, of course not."

Francisco put a grin round the door. "Were you wanting some drinks on a tray, Father?"

"No, Francisco. I wanted to talk to you. Do you often take a message for

Malo?" The grin disappeared and the boy stood still. "You're not the only one," Father Keogh assured him. "Do you want to take messages for him?"

Francisco shook his head. "No, but I don't carry many, Father. It's only now and then."

"I don't want you to have any trouble from him, but before you deliver a message do you think you could bring it to me?"

Francisco considered, his tongue in his cheek.

"I just want you to let me read them first. I'll take very good care that he doesn't find out, and Paco—I'll pay you, too!"

The grin returned. "Very well, Father. Certainly. Yes. I am a good Catholic. I'll bring you the messages."

IN PORFIRIO'S bar there was a second conference. "Well, Old Uncle," Malo said. "Do you know what I saw in the market today? On Mother Montezera's booth?" Old Uncle shook his head. "I saw small black pieces of cloth not more than the size of a peso selling at two pesos each."

"But what is the meaning, Anacleto? What are the pieces for?"

Malo smiled. "Why, they are holy. They bring protection from people like me. They are cut from the clothes of the priest."

Old Uncle's face fell. "They wear bits of his clothes for luck, Anacleto? They think so highly of him?"

"They think so highly of him! I let them go back to church. He was asking them to pray just for that, so you see I have answered their prayers for him. He has given them their miracle."

There was silence until Malo, answering the unspoken thought, said: "If we kill him outright now, he will certainly win."

"How does a dead man win?" It was Pablo who wanted to know.

"If he knew he would win by dying, he would die," Malo said. "I know this priest. He would win, because if we murdered him now he would be a martyr and we should pay the price. He would be willing to die to get rid of us. I tell you, I know this priest."

"And I tell you you love him!" Vito spat, and something like jealousy showed in his eyes.

"If I love him, it's just as well," said Malo. "I might underrate him otherwise. It's a good thing to know

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

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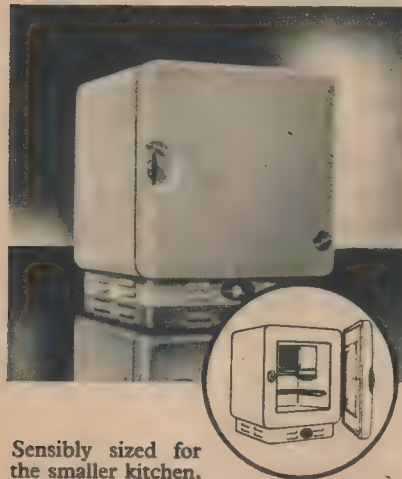
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the value of someone you're going to destroy."

"And how will we destroy him," Pablo asked, "if we're not allowed to kill him? Or does somebody answer our prayers?"

"He has a kind heart," Malo told them all, and leant forward with folded arms. "You know what he did when that tortoise died? He bought the child another one." He smiled at each disgusted face. "And what does that make him?"

They were silent until he answered for them: "Someone who prefers to hurt himself before other people."

"You already told us that."

"And you still don't see how that can serve us?"

They shook their heads in unison.

"We teach him the alphabet," Malo said.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Father Keogh received a note. Francisco brought it round to him.

"Come in, Francisco," Father Keogh said. "I'm not going to let you regret this."

"Ah well, Father," Francisco confessed. "I shouldn't take money for this message. He told me to bring it to you."

Father Keogh opened the note. It had only one letter printed inside it, and the letter that was printed was "H."

At eight o'clock in the morning a body was discovered at the foot of the mountain where the road turned to climb the Hua Pass.

The body lay with the boulders and stones that had shot down the mountainside after it, with a broken neck and an upturned face. The name of the body was Silvanito Elizondo Hernandez.

Father Keogh saw the chief of police.

"My dear Father, you can't arrest people for murder on a letter of the alphabet."

"But I tell you he threatened me with it once, and I've told you what Father Gomez said. They worked it out in alphabetical order. Surely you're going to investigate?"

"I have investigated it. There is nothing to suggest foul play. This is a man who works at the wine-shop. He could have been drunk, and out in the dark it's easy to slip on those paths."

"He was lured out there and thrown down the mountainside. I happen to know that he worked for Malo."

"Then why should he be killed?"

FATHER KEOGH waved the note at the *jefe*. "For no other reason than that his name began with 'H.' I tell you it's all started up again. This," he said, tapping the note, "is an invitation to me to get out while the going is good. They've had a couple of cracks at me and they didn't come off, for which miracles I have only God to thank. But if my interpretation is right it means that they are going to see if I've got enough courage to stand by and watch innocent people done to death on my behalf."

"And have you?" the *jefe* inquired.

"I doubt it," Father Keogh said.

"It takes a lot."

"More courage than if they took another crack at 'K'?"

"I came here expecting trouble. If I get it, it's nothing more than I expected. This isn't a new line of country for them. It worked on Father Gomez. Besides, it's exactly the form of torturing that would appeal to Malo."

"I don't doubt for a moment that it's the work of Comachi. All I say is that you can't prove it on a single letter in a note. All we can do is to keep a close watch on everyone whose name begins with 'I.'"

"How many of those are there?"

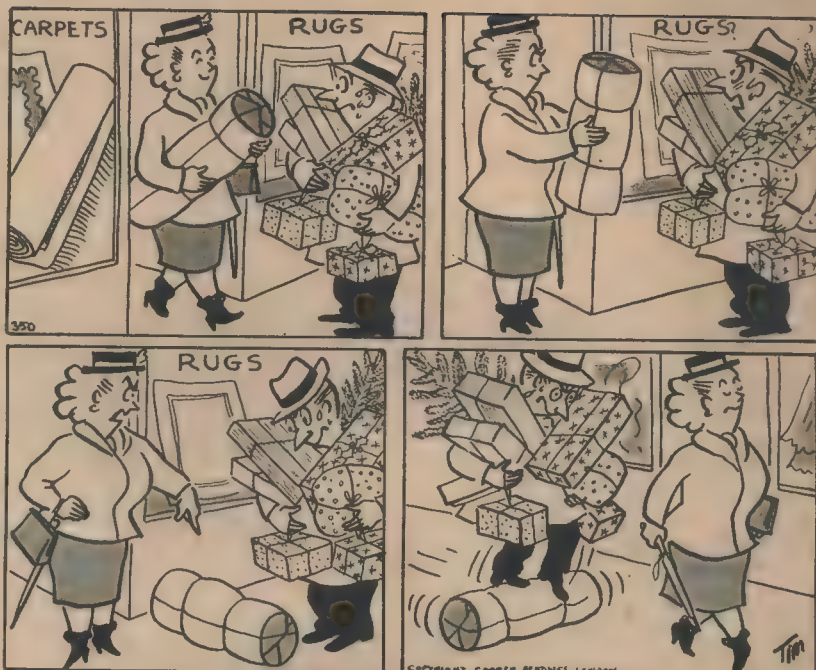
Father Keogh asked.

"Not many, thank God," said the *jefe*. "Our only chance is to catch them red-handed. I'll keep my eyes skinned."

Victorino Ibarra, a child of eleven, was found dead at the side of the road. He had been run over. The only suspicious circumstances attached to his death was the fact that he was found several miles from his home, and that

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



his name began with "I." His mother had last seen him in the corral, and had never known him to stray before.

The *jefe* checked up on every car and cart which had entered or left Quantana. But the rains made the tyre marks impossible to identify and no one had witnessed the accident. The *jefe* and Father Keogh were forced to give up the inquiry.

The town knew it was not an accident. It made no spoken comment to Father Keogh, but he felt a question in the uneasy silence. People continued to pray when he urged them. The Church found no new recruits, but it lost none. Yet in the air he sensed a time-limit. Nothing was said and nothing hinted, but there was something in the bent heads, the anxious, watchful eyes that warned him he had not long.

SOME days later, Francisco brought a message to Father Keogh. Father Keogh wrote it down and took it to the chief of police.

"The Peaceful Farm," read the *jefe*. "Nothing more, nothing less than that. Let me see... it's about fifteen miles west of Los Diagos. As you know, Diagos is only a settlement, but this man Morel that the message is addressed to is the local no-good. He's a mestizo and whether he's a half-wit or not when he's sober I wouldn't know—I've never seen him sober."

"Who lives at the farm?"

"Only the farmer and his wife. It's a tumbledown shack of a place."

"What are they called?"

"Jaime."

"J!" Father Keogh exclaimed.

"Exactly," the *jefe* grinned. "Well, thanks to your staff work on Francisco they may have a chance of having their names somewhere other than on a gravestone."

"But it gives no date—we don't know what he plans to do, or when!"

"No, but by keeping a constant watch on Morel and the Jaimes themselves, we might get some idea. I shouldn't be surprised if Morel wasn't our friend with the machete who made the attack on you."

"What makes you think that?"

"It's the kind of man Comachi would find most useful. A drunken half-wit who wouldn't make a good witness even if he did have the nerve to talk. He's also the kind of man who might have muffed the job and killed a tortoise."

"Yes, very possibly," Father Keogh said.

"Now, then," said the *jefe*, "this man Jaime is, unfortunately, one of Comachi's supporters. Our major difficulty is this—if we warn the man, it's ten to one he'll warn Comachi. After all, we don't know this message alludes to murder; that's purely our own surmise. It might allude to any number of things. All it says is 'The Peaceful Farm,' and all we know

is that Francisco was commissioned to run it out to Morel."

"Yes, but surely we dare not risk not warning him? It might cost the man his life!"

"It might indeed, Father. On the other hand, if we warn him we might be risking other lives by throwing away the chance to catch Comachi red-handed. The good of the many, eh, Father?"

Father Keogh could not agree; he could not disagree.

Meanwhile, there was much work for him in the town. He left the *jefe* and set about it.

When he returned to his house, Francisco was waiting. He had brought a second message. It was addressed to Morel, and read: "Tell Jaime to expect visit early hours Thursday morning. Tell him unwise to resist and to see that he is alone." It was signed, "Anacleto Gonzalez Flores Comachi Alvarez." He went to see the *jefe* again.

"Well, at least there's a signature," smiled the *jefe*. "Has Francisco taken it out to Morel?"

"He took it straight on after he brought it to me," Father Keogh said.

"Good. Then we'll see that Jaime isn't alone and we'll make it unwise for Comachi to resist. We'd better stand by for a shoot-up."

Just before midnight, the *jefe* picked up Father Keogh in his car. The moon sat solemn in the ink-blue sky and the wind was cold out on the mountains. The Peaceful Farm was a small, decaying building, eerie in its silhouetted loneliness under the moon.

They walked unannounced into the farmhouse. A woman sat, rocking herself in a chair, her eyes frightened black holes in her head. Two policemen lolled against the wall and one was smoking a corn-leaf cigarette. He put it out when he saw the *jefe*.

At the table the farmer sat, glum-faced and silent. He broke into sudden, abusive speech when the *jefe* entered and sat down opposite him. "Fool of a man, who asked you here? When Señor Anacleto finds out, he will think it was me who sent for you. Then surely my life is in danger."

"What message did Morel bring?"

"Only that Señor Anacleto would come here this night for my signature. The señor is wanting my farm."

"Why should he want a place like this?"

"How can I tell what he wants? The señor would not talk to me. It is a poor farm. I am lame and my woman's no good. The taxes have not been paid. If I do not pay them, he wants the farm."

"What happens to you?"

"He will have work for me."

"Why does he choose to interview you in the middle of the night?"

"How do I know why he chooses?"

"We believe that he is coming to

kill you," the jefe replied. "And if you give him the slightest hint that there is anyone here but yourself and your woman, I shall shoot you myself."

"Dear saints! He will think I have sent for you."

The jefe stood up. "Sit here and wait for him. The woman can go to her bed."

Father Keogh felt the woman shake. He helped her out of the chair which rocked behind her and assisted her out of the room.

"All right," said the jefe. "Get behind."

They crowded into the tiny recess that led off the one main room, leaving the farmer alone with his lamp.

At a quarter to two they heard horsemen. The farmer raised his sullen head and Father Keogh heard the faint click of three automatic safety catches. They heard a clear voice call out, "Halt!"

"They've all turned out," whispered the jefe.

Father Keogh turned his head and looked through the small barred window.

They made a black line in the moonlight. Their rings sent out tiny points of light like fireflies playing round their hands. Malo's face and his hands were pale blurs in the moonlight. He sat his horse lightly so that even wolfish Vito looked heavy beside him.

He dismounted alone and walked into the house. He carried a paper in his hand but he was not armed. He put the paper before the farmer and said, "Very well, Jaime. Sign."

The farmer looked up, and then looked down again. Malo tossed him a pen and said again, "Sign."

Jaime wrote, the nib near his fingers, in his big clumsy hand. Malo picked the paper up and addressed the small recess. "Can you breathe in there?" he asked politely. To the silence that followed he said, "It's a strange time to be out of your beds." Then he picked up the lamp, leaving the farmer slouched in darkness, and held it high in the little recess. It shone on the jefe and Father Keogh and the two men with levelled automatics.

Outside there were voices. Old Uncle was shouting, "We came here on business, pig-dogs."

Malo turned, and looked out through the doorway. "Your men are armed, jefe. Mine are not. May I ask why they are being arrested?"

The jefe stood up and moved into the room. Father Keogh followed him. The two men pushed forward. Their automatics looked snake-like in the shadow across the peeling wall.

"What do you want with this man?"

"I am taking the farm over," Malo said.

"Why do you choose to do business

at this time of night? And why have you turned out in full force to collect his signature?"

"I do business at any hour to suit myself and I prefer to ride in company. Is there some law against that?"

There was no reason for the jefe to hold him. With Father Keogh, the jefe went by car back to town.

"Well," said Father Keogh, "what do you make of this? The man was expecting him to come out about the farm and apparently he did go out about the farm."

"I don't understand it yet," said the jefe.

They understood when they reached Quantana. Francisco Jimenez was dead.

The jefe pushed forward a bottle of mescal. Father Keogh shook his head. "I don't think I'll ever forgive myself. I never thought of him by his second name. I always said Francisco or Paco. I never remembered the 'J.'"

"Isn't that how I said they worked?" answered the jefe. "Always a cast-iron alibi, every devil-spawned one of them, and what better alibi than a police ambush?"

"Do you think they changed plans at the very last minute? Surely Jaime's warning came too late."

"It was a blind all the time," said the jefe. "The farm was a put-up job to get us out of town and to get themselves out of town at the same time. He knew you were intercepting Francisco's messages and he played us for suckers, that's all."

There was silence for a while until the jefe stood up. He said heavily: "Well, Father, the next letter is 'K.'"

IN Porfirio's bar there was a cat on Malo's knees. Malo asked: "Have you no heads on your shoulders at all? How often must I tell you? The time has passed when a man can shoot a priest—if that man wants to live. There are other ways to kill a priest. Have you no patience?"

Vito spoke, his voice shaking. "Anacleto, this priest is dangerous. You have no idea of his power."

Pablo supported him. "Anacleto, if there was a fight in this town now, most people would fight for the priest."

"Not for much longer," Malo said. "He can only promise them hell in the next life. I can give them hell in this. We will get him if we have patience."

Old Uncle's eyes narrowed. He was drunk. "The Devil looks after this priest."

On the table, Malo rolled a dice. The cat crouched down, its head low, its tail twitching at the tip, its whole body still and its eyes on the dice. "Do you see, Old Uncle," Malo asked, "what patience this little cat has—and how quietly she waits? Do you see how she waits? That is because she has to see which way her prey is going to jump."

Malo flicked the dice. The cat sprang. It landed with all four paws on the dice.

Old Uncle Joaquin stood up. He poured the rest of his drink down his throat and wiped a powerful hand across his mouth. Then he turned towards Malo. His eyes were wet and his voice was soft. "I'm going to say to you, Anacleto, something I thought I should never live to say." Old Uncle leant towards him, his hands on the table. "I am leaving you, Anacleto."

Vito drew in his breath. Porfirio's mouth hung open. Lorenzo and Pablo sat staring at him. The Jeep bit through the tip of his thumbnail.

"After so long?" Malo asked.

"After so long," Old Uncle said. Malo's hands lay motionless, gripping the cat. The cat turned round and bit him. He stood up then.

"Old Uncle, I'm going to put you to bed. It won't be the first time." He put an arm round the big man's shoulders.

Old Uncle flung it off. He walked with aggressive steadiness towards the door and went out of the bar. Malo called after him: "Come back, old friend, come back!" Then he suddenly slapped his hand on the table top so that the cat jumped off and spat. "All

ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS



I AM LYING IN MY BED.

I AM SUCH A SLEEPYHEAD. THE MOON IS WIDE



AWAKE AT NIGHT THIS IS THE TIME I FIGHT THE DRAGON FOR

ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS



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of you—quick! Go after him—all of you! Bring him back! Do you know what that old fool has gone to do? He has gone to give his life for me. He has gone to kill the priest."

There was no sign of Old Uncle outside on the plaza. Vito and Porfirio ran down the Avenida del Cortinez. Pablo and Lorenzo went down the Calle Jacinto. The Jeep sped along the mud alley. Vito and Porfirio caught Old Uncle up. Old Uncle swung up his arms and knocked Porfirio out. Then he put his knee in Vito's stomach and kicked his chin as he twisted on the ground.

Malo went straight to the priest's house. Chela opened the door, saw his gun, and dropped in a faint at his feet. Malo stepped over her. He found Father Keogh finishing his dinner.

Father Keogh put down his book and looked at Malo's gun. "Hullo, is this what is known as 'it'?"

Malo put the gun on the table. He said: "This is no time for joking. Has Old Uncle Joaquin been here?"

"Not that I know of. I'll ask Chela—why?"

"Chela is stretched on the floor."

Father Keogh sprang up. "What have you done to her?"

"Nothing. She did not like the look of me."

Father Keogh made a movement towards the door. Malo picked up the gun. "Stay here! Old Uncle may have entered the house—I'll bring the woman in." He backed out of the door and returned carrying Chela unconscious in his arms. Still holding the gun, he stood for a moment in the doorway.

FATHER KEOGH pushed up the horse-hair sofa. Malo dropped the body on to it.

"You've no business to frighten a woman like that. Why couldn't you keep your gun behind your back?"

He took a bottle of smelling salts from the medicine cabinet, but before he reached Chela she had revived.

"Father—the Bad One!"

"Yes, I know, it's all right," Father Keogh said, and he turned to Malo: "Can she take herself to bed?"

"Let the idiot woman take herself where she pleases, as long as she leaves us in peace. But you are to stay in this room."

Chela scuttled past them and they heard her hard steps on the stairs.

"Now then," Father Keogh said. "Just what is this all about?"

"Old Uncle is coming to kill you. He is drunk. I don't want to lose him that way."

Father Keogh smiled. "I see. Is he armed?"

"Of course."

"Oh dear," Father Keogh said.

Malo turned round on him angrily. Father Keogh held a handkerchief to his mouth. His shoulders were shaking.

"I fail to understand the joke, my friend."

Father Keogh said: "Yes, you



really must forgive me—it's just—well, you sitting there as my bodyguard. I know it's not really funny—I must pull myself together." He put his handkerchief up to his mouth again.

"I'm glad you can laugh, my friend."

"Yes. Oh dear, oh dear. . . . Is that door open?"

"I have left it open."

"Why?"

"So that he will not have to shoot off the bolt."

Father Keogh collapsed again. He recovered himself under Malo's disapproving gaze. "Look here, when he does turn up, what are we going to do with him?"

"If you are not laughing too much, my friend, I will put myself between you."

Father Keogh looked at him. He emerged from his handkerchief without a smile on his face. "You mustn't do that in case he shoots you."

"He will not shoot me."

Father Keogh thought about that. He said at last: "Well, d'you mind if I read?"

"Not at all."

Father Keogh picked up Saint Thomas of Aquinas. . . .

The moon hung yellow outside the window, and all the street noises had stopped. At first they thought that the creakings were rats. Then they realized they were footsteps, deliberate but uncertain. Father Keogh raised his eyebrows. Malo nodded. Father Keogh put down his book. They both stood up. Malo stepped backwards until his

that load on her back, sleeping peacefully, lulled by the rhythmic movement of the mother's body. Close to the woman are the scraggy-looking dogs, straining under their overloaded packs, some lagging, some getting the caribou skins caught between rocks, all for once too tired to care for a fight.

The Eskimo family, laden this way with all their earthly possessions, seem to wander aimlessly, insinuating themselves into the gullies, crossing ranges, resting for a while on the ridge-tops, then vanishing again, absorbed, so it seems, by the ground and the sky.

Driven By Need For Food

Rivers do not stop them; they manage somehow. Even the dogs become expert at jumping from stone to stone, understanding that their loads must be kept dry. Occasionally they will pause on a commanding hill-top to search the valley for caribou. It is the need for food and clothing that drives them on.

Does hunger overtake them? With the aid of a few stones and a little dry, powdery moss, tea is brewed and they drink it squatting around the tiny

body covered the priest's. He kept his gun on the door. The cautious footsteps took their time. It seemed minutes before the door pushed slowly open. Old Uncle nearly filled the space. He appeared to be carrying no gun. He smiled when he saw Malo.

"You're a fool, old friend," Malo said to him. "I've told you what harm it will do to me if you try to kill the priest."

Father Keogh tried to come forward. Malo pushed him roughly back.

"So, Anacleto, you love this priest so much you are willing to put yourself between him and me."

Malo said: "You're coming home, my fine old fool."

Old Uncle walked steadily towards the point of Malo's gun.

"Is there still room for an altar server, Father?"

Father Keogh answered, "Yes."

Old Uncle held out a hand to Malo. "Will you shake me by the hand, Anacleto? Come! Surely you will not refuse to tell such an old friend good-bye?"

As he held out his hand he opened it. In the palm a medallion lay. It was dented and split from Old Uncle's heel. It was not for more than a few seconds that Malo looked down at it. He had just time to say, "So I was right about the little piece that—"

when Old Uncle's left hand whipped round in a hook that sent Malo violently backwards, to lie unconscious at the feet of the priest.

It was as Father Keogh bent down

fire, chewing some dried meat with it. During such a stop, the wolfish dogs ease themselves to the ground, panting, grateful for the rest, ready to snatch at a scrap of food that may be left carelessly within reach. Then all are about again, moving slowly, inexorably, across the grim landscape.

Sometimes, for as long as two months at a stretch, an Eskimo family will roam the countryside in this manner, starved today, glutted tomorrow, lured on always by the promise of game, of that caribou the man is certain to kill tomorrow. The sight of a caribou grazing yonder will make them forget fatigue, hunger, everything, leaving them with one idea—to kill, in order to eat.

At the Equator, daylight lasts for twelve hours, and the darkness lasts for an equal length of time. At the North Pole, time is still more easily divided. There is one day and one night, each six months long. You might be inclined

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The picture on page 20 is of Terence and Derrick de Marney.

to attend him that Old Uncle lunged.

There was a strength in him that a whole night of drinking had kindled into a last flare up of a youth that had long since been dwindled away by drinking. The blows that fell on Father Keogh had the power of granite behind them, and the hands that he was trying to force away from his throat had a strength in them that was almost impossible to resist.

Chela appeared in the doorway. She screamed, and went running out of the house. They heard her raucous cries for help.

Father Keogh had Old Uncle's big fleshy hands about his throat. They rolled across the floor. They were grappling at the feet of the statuette of St. Anthony de Padua when Malo opened his eyes. He shook himself, got to his feet, and made a panther spring upon them. He shouted:

"Father, get hold of his arms!"

After that, there was no sound except the thuds of their bodies against the furniture, the overturning of chairs, and the crash of the glass from St. Anthony's frame as it slid to the floor.

THEY had Old Uncle pinned between them, one arm each, when the jefe came in with six men. Neither Father Keogh, Old Uncle, nor Malo had breath to speak.

"Red-handed," the jefe grinned.

Two men forced Malo on to his feet, and whipped his hands behind his back. It took three more to pull Old Uncle up. The jefe himself helped the priest. "Are you hurt, Father?"

Father Keogh shook his head. One eye was swollen and his lip was cut. Malo was also bleeding from the mouth. When Father Keogh found his breath he said:

"Jefe, this wasn't Comachi's fault, he came down here to protect me."

"Whose gun is this?" the jefe asked.

"Mine," Malo told him. "You know it's mine."

The jefe gave the gun a kiss. "Evidence," he smiled. Then he said to his men. "All right, take them away, and shoot if they try to resist."

Malo was marched towards the door. Old Uncle had to be dragged.

Malo and Old Uncle were lodged in the jail pending a charge of attempted murder. Nothing Father Keogh could do or say altered the jefe's conception of the case.

On the following night Porfirio, Pablo, Lorenzo, the Jeep and Vito blasted the southern wall of the jail.

At first when he heard the explosion Father Keogh could not collect his senses. He heard the violent blast that shook the house and a volley of rifle shots. Chela came running into his room in her nightdress, her hair down her back in an Indian pigtail. She carried a candle and shouted at him. "It's the Bad One, Father—he's broken out! Mother in Heaven, we'll all be killed!"

To be continued next week

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

Continued from page 9

round. During the dark winter months, sled trails furrow the snow-covered Barren Land, disappearing here, reappearing there, and the fur-clad Eskimos cover astonishing distances over the snow and ice. In the nightless summer, on the drab tundra, the Eskimo travels in caravan, usually with his family. You meet them during those summer months, when the sun is interminably high in the sky.

Leading the way is the man, the family ruler, his eyes searching the surrounding flats, always on the alert for some movement that might mean game. As befits the true *Inuk*, he carries only the most important and many items, long knife, rifle, ammunition. A file of children follows behind him and, bringing up the rear, symbolically, is the woman, bowed nearly double under her cumbersome burden of oil pots, fur clothes, cooking implements, and utensils of every kind, the incredible load hanging from a thong strapped to her forehead. A baby may be secreted somewhere in

to believe that the mournful, interminable winter night was compensated for by the endless summer day. But the latter—one hundred and fifty days of it—instead of being pleasant, also becomes depressing. The sun's glare, reflected by the snow, scorches the skin, cracks the lips, and inflames the eyes, filling the eyeballs with fire and pain, and the eye sockets with perpetual burning tears. You pray then for a moment of darkness—the briefest respite from the implacable glare.

Agony Of Snow-blindness

The Eskimo protects himself from snow-blindness in his own way, making rough goggles from flat sections of driftwood in which he cuts narrow slits. With these, the eyes are protected from the glare, but the white man finds them clumsy and tries every kind of commercial sun lens, different shapes, different sizes. None of them ever works. You pull them off for just a little while. That evening you have a queer sensation, a kind of prickling around your eyeballs. Soon you believe that a handful of sand is concealed

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